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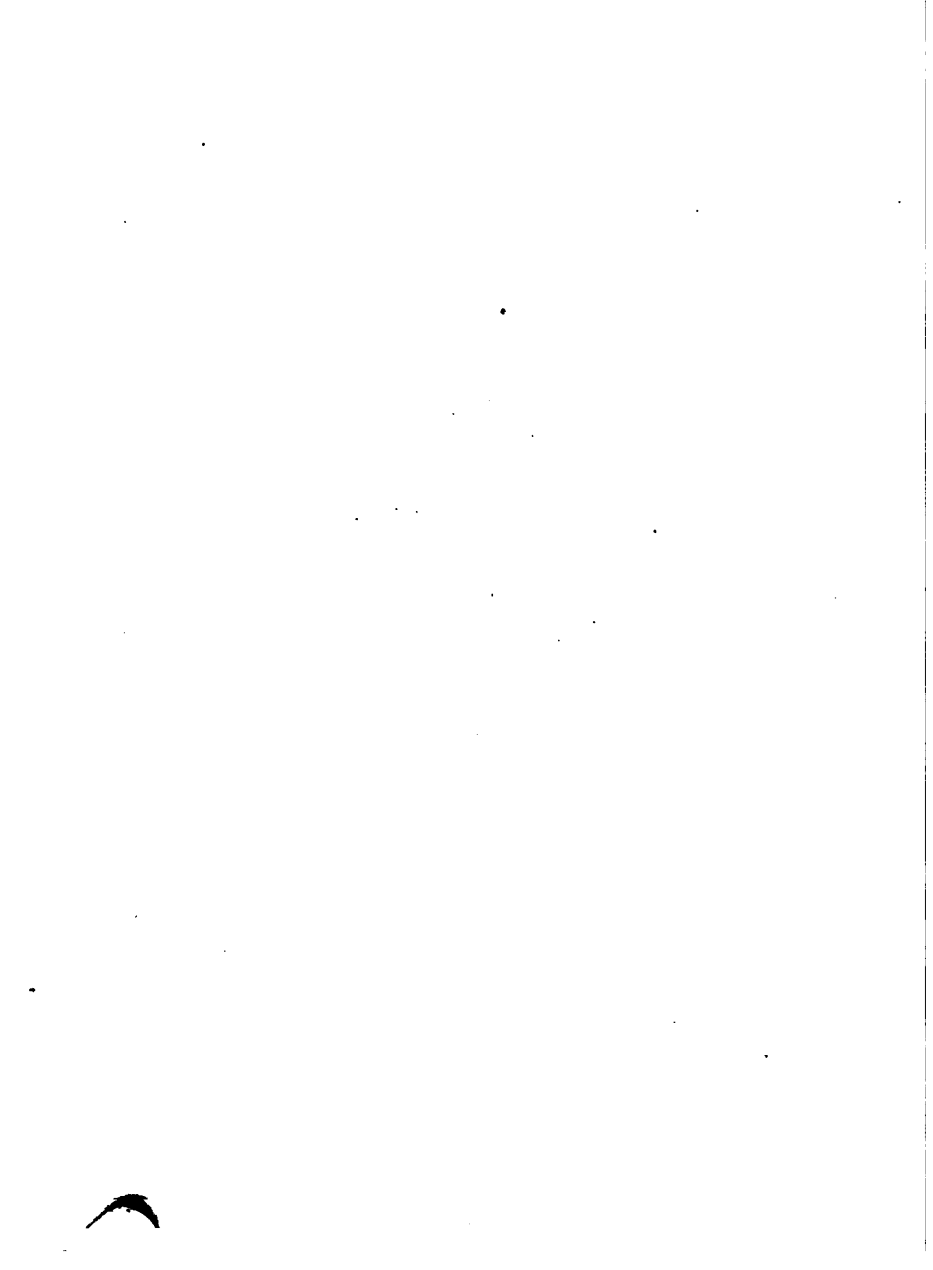
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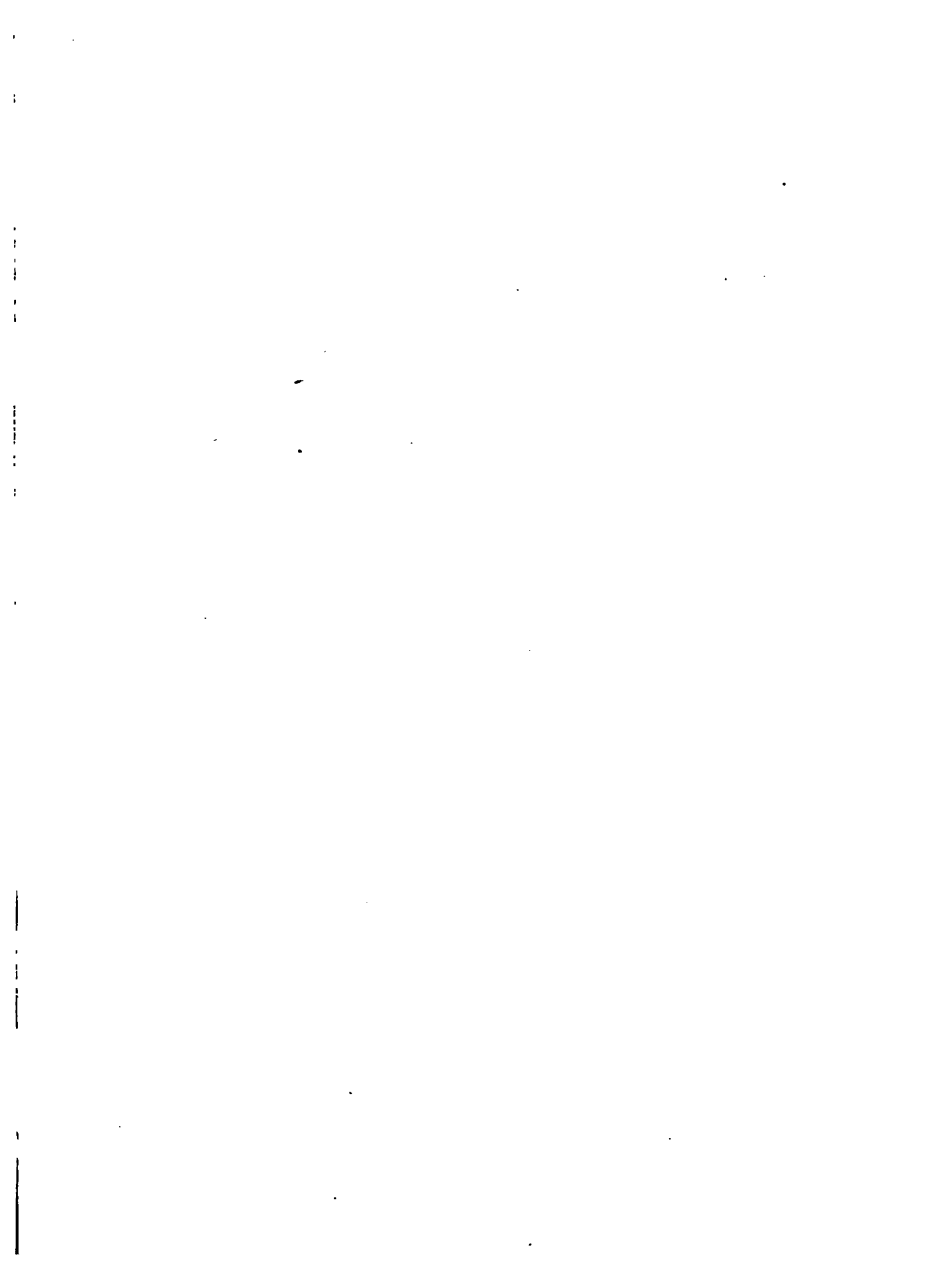
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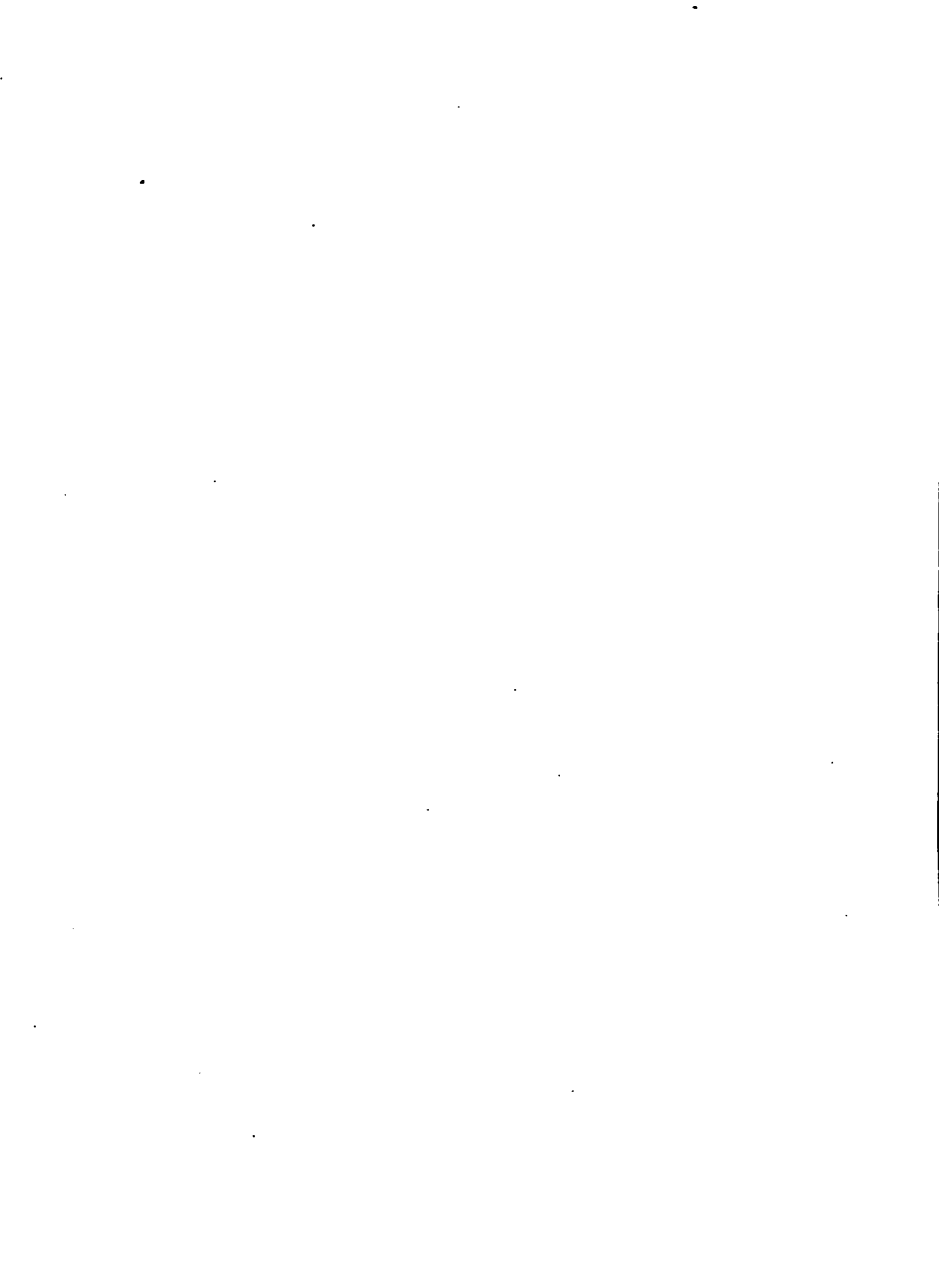
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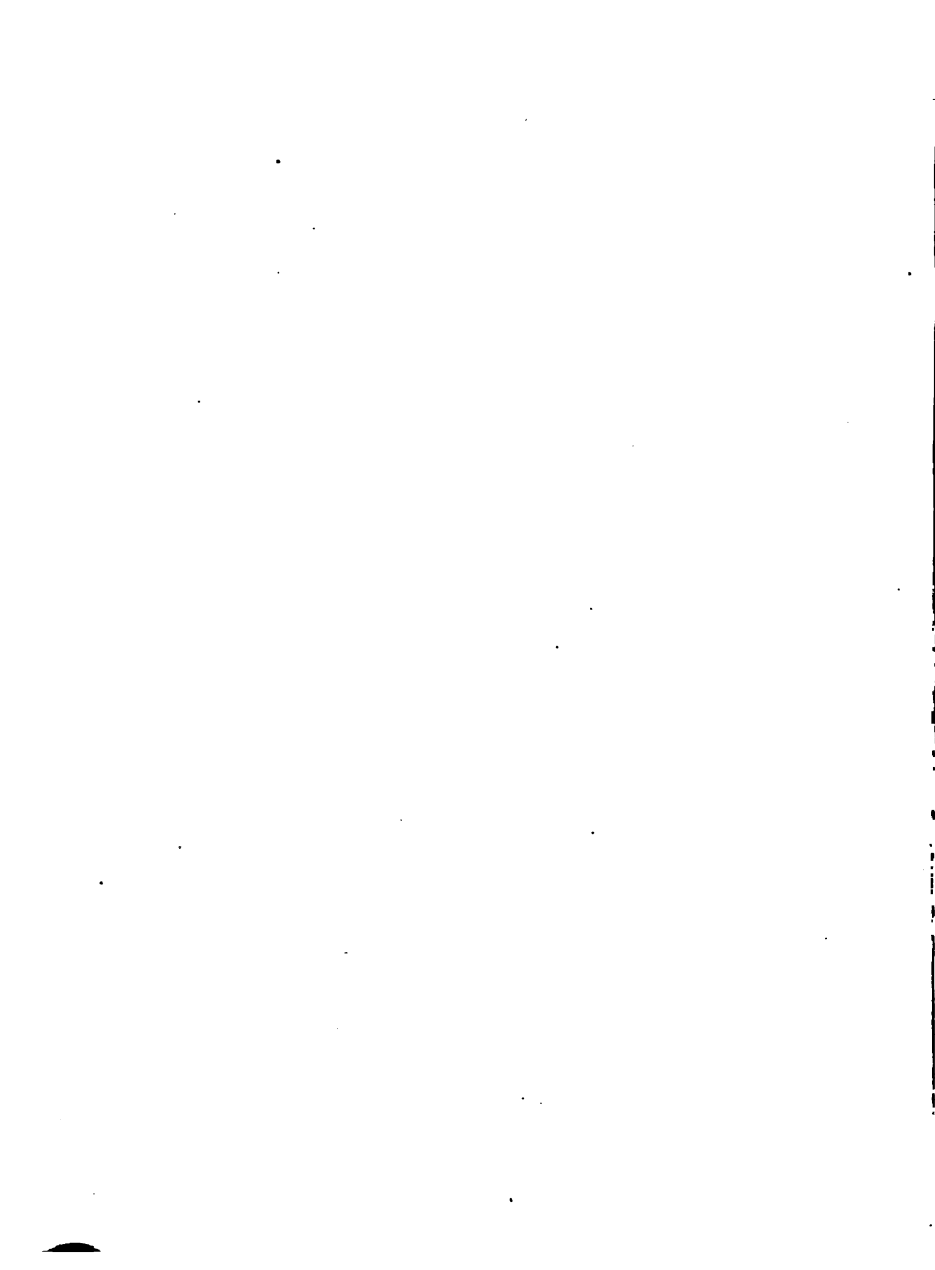
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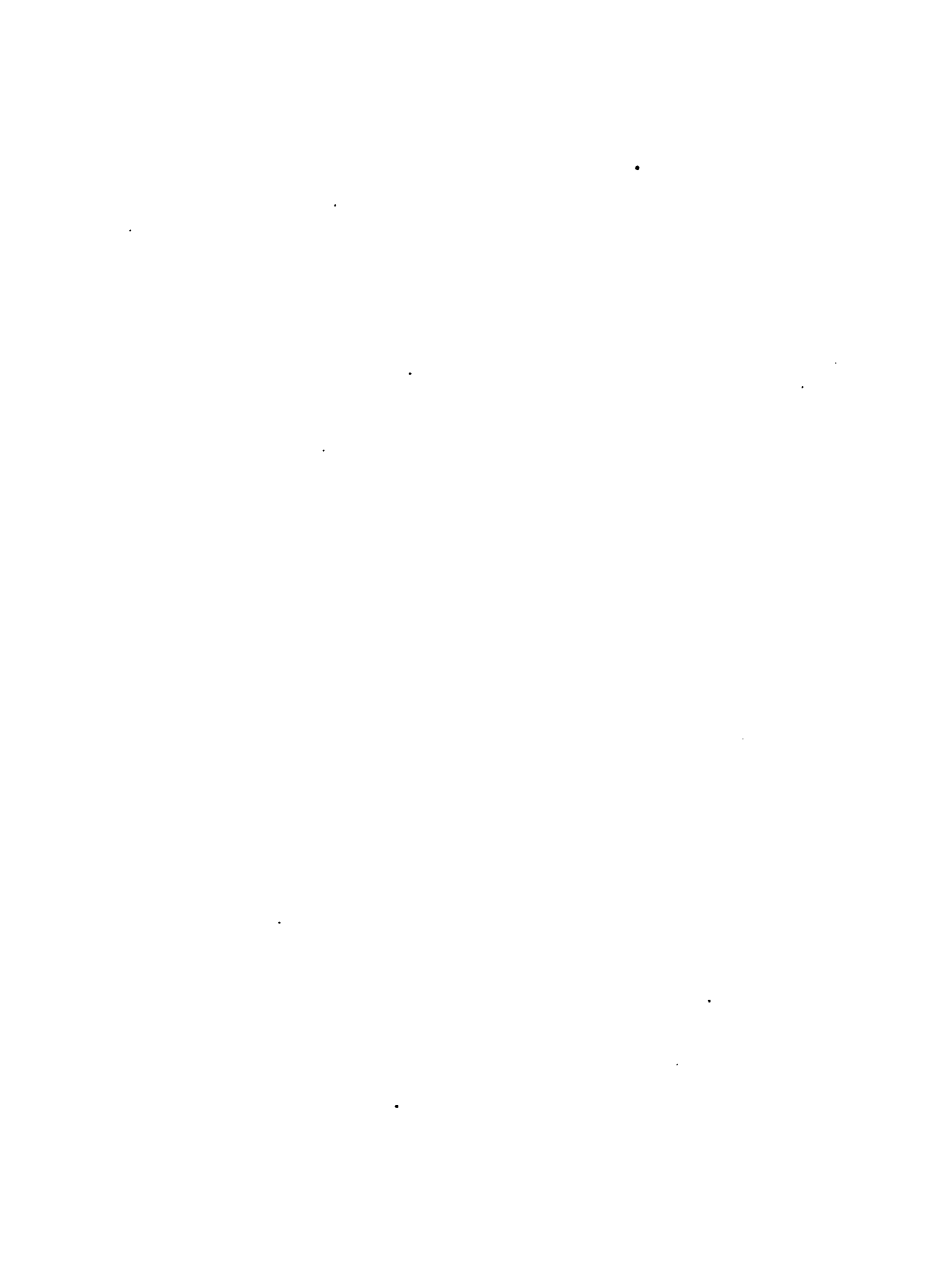


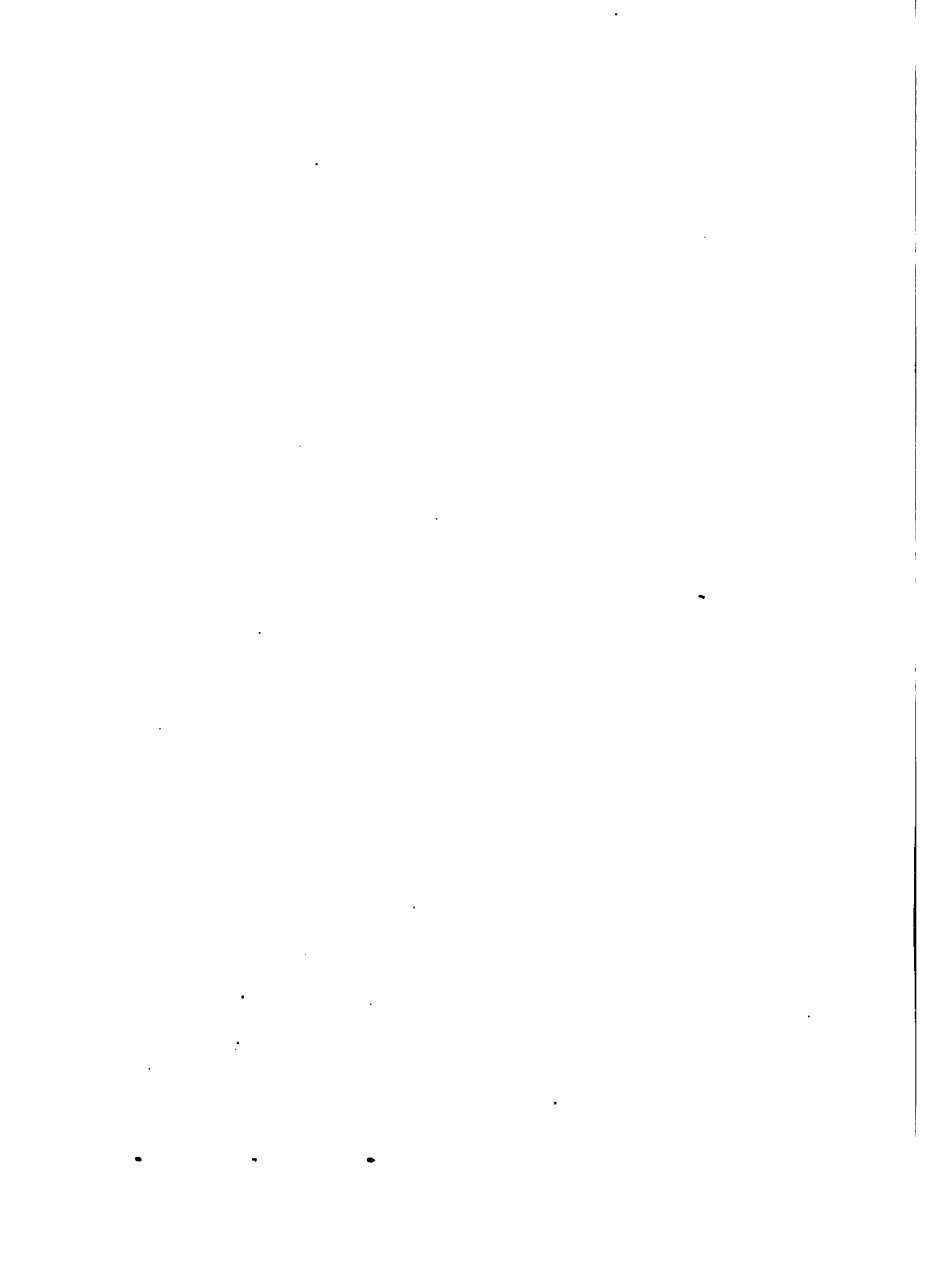












CLUBANA,

A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS

READ BEFORE THE

LITERARY AND SOCIAL CLUB

OF THE

First Congregational Church,

COLUMBUS, O.

A. H. SMYTHE,
1885.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRESIDER'S PROLOGUE. E. O. RANDALL.....	1
LUTHER; HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER. PROF. J. R. SMITH, A. M.....	9
A SKETCH OF SHELLEY. MRS. EMMA G. BROWN.....	33
THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY. E. A. DAW- SON.....	45
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. FRANCIS C. SESSIONS.....	73
PRISONERS; HOW PREPARED FOR DISCHARGE AND FOR CITIZENSHIP. JUDGE M. D. FOLLETT.....	99
AMERICAN HUMORISTS. J. C. HANNA.....	129
WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. MRS. J. H. PARSONS.....	163
DANTE AS POET. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, LL. D.....	185
THE FLOWERING PLANTS OF OHIO. PROF. WILLIAM R. LAZENBY.....	205
OFFICERS OF THE CLUB.....	214
PROGRAMMES OF THE CLUB.....	215

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THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated to

THE REV. ROBERT G. HUTCHINS, D. D.,

THE FOUNDER,

AND

THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, LL. D.,

THE PROMOTER OF THE CLUB.

PRESIDER'S PROLOGUE.

E. O. RANDALL.

NOW-A-DAYS, a literary club cannot be regarded as a novelty. The path of culture in every conventional community is made, in due time, more or less romantic and aromatic with the ruins of literary societies, promising and pretentious institutes for the promulgation of erudition—institutes that burst forth with the impetuosity and intensity of spontaneous combustion, and then, after a dazzling and dizzy flight, as suddenly sink into the "Lethe, the river of Oblivion"—lost to sight, and usually

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

These intellectual shoots, though they spring, like Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, full armed into being, to conquer the complex conundrums of the past, present and future, seldom survive a season with vitality sufficient to venture upon a second. This **excessive mortality among clubs** is due to dread maladies incident to their infancy. Spontaneity and

spirit, inspiration and respiration itself is usually crushed out by the overwhelming weight of an elaborate but cumbersome constitution, and the unbearable burden of bulky by-laws—or the rivalries of ambitious aspirants for the presidency lead to internecine and annihilating conflicts. The club of which this volume is the modest and all too meagre memorial has, with that precocious prudence that has characterized its entire career, avoided both the Scylla and Charybdis of those dangers. Even at the mature age of four (going on five) the Club's natural vigor is unabated. Paradoxical as the statement appears, the Club's physical constitution remains unimpaired, because, like its illustrious example, the British Government, its constitution is not built on paper, and by-laws have been banished its domain—as unworthy its lofty aims and large attainments. The Club, too, has been spared the agonies and afflictions of presidential contests, the first chosen being perennially perpetuated in the "chair," in which he has grasped the gavel with less gravity than gravy, perhaps, but, deferring to the opinion that

" A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,"

He has strenuously struggled (and an intimate acquaintance with his intentions permits us to say this), with an eye

single to the great honor of his office and the good humor of his auditors.

Of clubs the name is legion, but each has in turn assumed phases and donned features in consonance with its social and intellectual environment. "THE LITERARY AND SOCIAL CLUB OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH" may lay claims to unique character and original conduct that entitles it to be the worthy theme of the pen of Clio. So the ingenuous intent of this tome is to fix for the Club in the rapid passage of teeming time "a local habitation and a name."

The Club came into being—in purpose not unlike many another—to occupy a gaping vacuum, "to fill a long felt want" in a church circle thirsting for knowledge and famishing for culture. It first felt the pulsation of life in the autumn of 1881, and, as the rhymster remarks,

"Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society."

The freedom and freshness of its early youth was unfettered by rigid rules or parliamentary parleyings, and in the genial atmosphere of the hospitable parsonage, old and young, the grave and gay, gathered on Monday evenings to drink at times well nigh to intellectual intoxication, of the freely flowing Pierian fount. The relentless "tooth of

time" may mark this Club for its victim, but the remembrance of the pleasure and profit of those romplings in "fresh fields and pastures new" of thought and learning, will remain so long as memory shall hold its throne. Then the Club grew in strength and stature, and waxed in wisdom, and at the age of two put aside childish actions and took up its abode in the more public and pretentious parlors of the sanctuary, where it has ever since assumed academic airs, its attendants sitting semi-monthly in silent, solemn, staid rows, like the pupils of the Greek groves, all ear to listen to the discourses of only the exalted and the erudite, the learned and the wise. And so the Club has passed from lively to severe, and now with stern frowns bids the little stars hide their diminished heads while the mighty meteors flash their full lightnings by.

The Club was never one of "Idlers," the chief aim of which, we are told, was to destroy time by dallying with nothing. Nor has our Club ever worshipped at the shrine of the "Goddess of Dullness," in whose temple the ceremonies became ere long so stupid and uninteresting that they ceased altogether. Our symposia have never been "weary, stale, flat, or unprofitable."

Were all the productions, oral and written, of the Club preserved and compiled, the aggregate would be appalling

—something short of a *resume* of the range of human knowledge. Art, music, literature, science, all departments, nearly, have been met with Napoleonic tact in single sections, and, if not completely captured, certainly badly crippled. With *blase* boldness the Club has placed itself on familiar footing with the poets, patriots, philosophers and painters of every age. Then, was there ever such a traveler as this Club. By rail and by sail it “hath strange places crammed with observation.” The grand tour of Europe could not quench its cravings for foreign sights. In imagination all compact, it has navigated the Nile, penetrated the tombs of the Thebes, rattled the bones of the martyrs in the Catacombs, peered at the pictures in the Vatican, and repeated poetry by moonlight in the Colosseum; it has waded the snows of the Alps, and trod the sands of the Sahara!

“Restless at home and ever prone to range.

What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,

What storms sustained, and on what shores been cast?”

In all its wanderings abroad or book winnowings at home, the muses have ever been at hand regaling its proceedings with music's sweetest melody. Never have the lines of any Club lain in pleasanter places. All the gods have been propitious—even Pluvius, Ruler of the Rain,

has been unable by the most copious outpourings to dampen the ardor of our assemblings — so let us give him the benefit of a doubt, and conclude that even his sprinklings were but playful attempts on his part to merely prevent our meetings from becoming too dry.

That our Club has had an honored destiny to fulfill, none who have watched its proud and glorious career can doubt. It has opened many a "volume of forgotten lore." By its persistent and polite persuasion, it has unwrapped many a hidden talent that still might, but for it, lie immured in the napkin of modest and inactive retiracy. No club could be more liberal in spirit, or more catholic in its pursuits. No prescribed creed has cramped the programmes of its proceedings. The followers of every faith have found place on its platform, and the Club's welcome to the host of hearers has ever been wider than a church door. Greater triumph, still: it has been to other ecclesiastical circles of our city a bright and shining model, and although at its inception it was well-nigh the only and original *sui generis*, it is now, at the opening of its second Olympiad, but the proud predecessor and haughty superior of a score of lesser followers who are making commendable efforts to emulate our example. May the shadows of our imitators never grow less.

For "the taste of the quality" of our meetings, we refer the reader to the pages of this memorial. It goes without saying that all the stars that have shone upon our stage cannot be permitted to shed their light over the leaves of this book. It would be at once too luminous, and too voluminous. Only the speakers of the past season ('84-5), find a place in this print. That other published annuals will follow, is probable. Meantime the Literary and Social Club will pursue the even tenor of its way—continuing to ascend "the steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar;" and so to the public we bring this bundle of sheaves—our latest harvest—begging you to bear in mind:

"If we offend, it is with our good will.

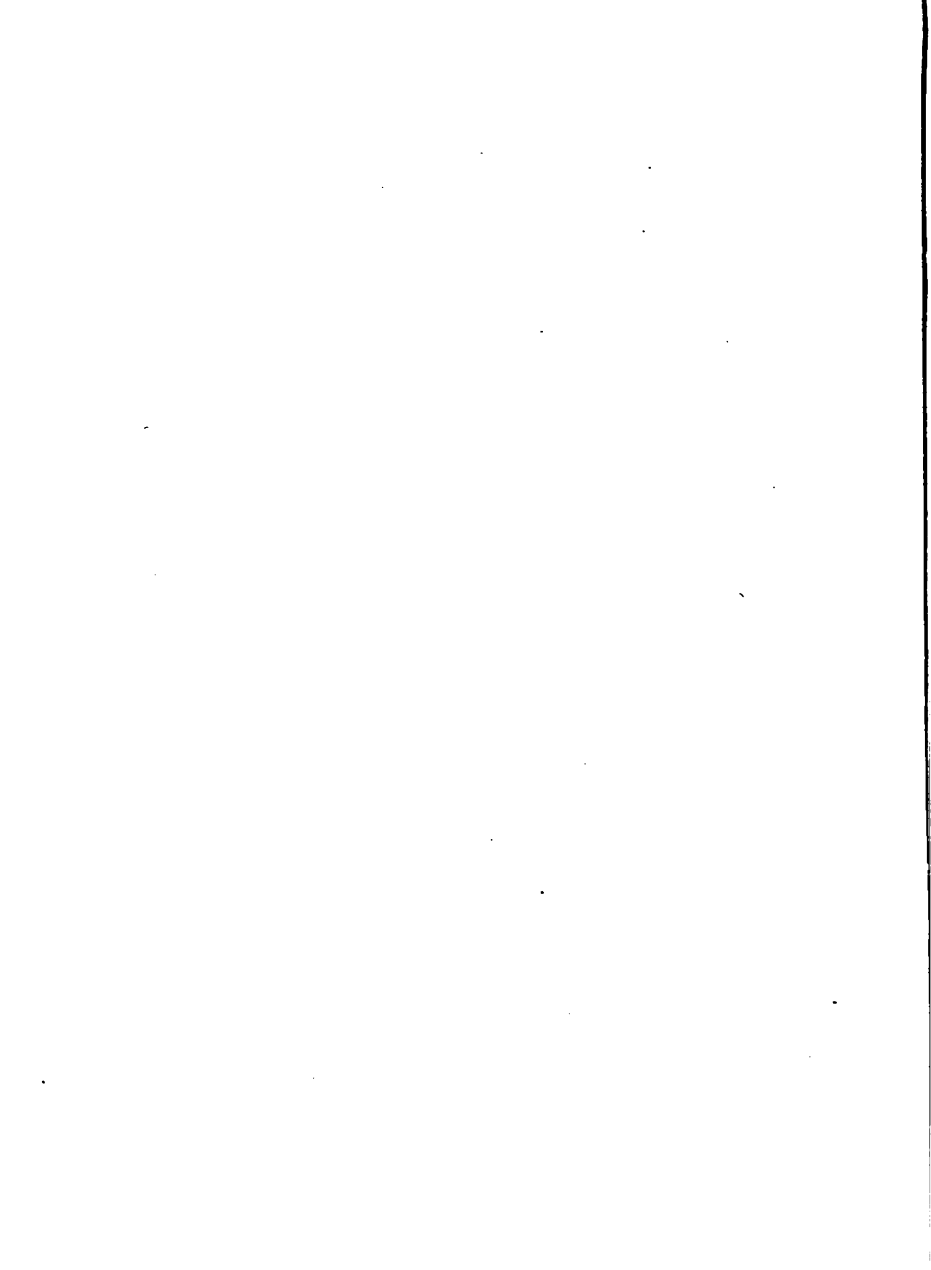
To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

All for your delight

The actors are at hand, and by their show

You shall know all that you are like to know."



LUTHER—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

PROF. J. R. SMITH, A. M.

IT is a fair criticism upon the Protestantism of modern Germany that it has lapsed into indifferentism; that its faith lacks fervor; that it has a State religion, but little personal piety; and that it leaves its worship to its preachers and to women. However this may be, there is one form of worship in which the Fatherland has never been found wanting: I mean hero-worship. In America, we are more apt to analyze our great men than to bow before them; we reckon up their merits and failings with the critical calmness of a great nation who want the "bottom facts," as the vigorous phrase is; and our peculiar national humor finds its account in our greatest names, so that it is becoming difficult to take Washington seriously, and the mention of Lincoln is more apt to be accompanied with a jest than a blessing. Our newspaper press rather encourage this flippant treatment by ridiculing sentiment in general, and handling the gravest themes with humorous slang. So that, while we at heart cherish the memory of our great men, we are very careful not to wear our heart upon our

sleeve. But Germany is a land of enthusiasms. The ideal has large sway there. We call it sentimentality; but, to our cousins in Deutschland, the name and fame of their national heroes are a sacred possession. Their words, their deeds, their birthdays, are remembered in court and cottage, and form an ever-increasing legacy with which to enrich posterity and stimulate its patriotic pride. And no name is oftener on the lips, or more deeply enshrined in the hearts of true Germans, than that of the reformer of their Church, the regenerator of their language, and liberator of thought and speech—the name of Martin Luther.

But he builded even better than he knew. The seed which he planted has grown into a mighty tree, which overshadows many nations, and Protestant Christianity, the world over, claims him as her hero. It is therefore right and fitting that we, dwellers in a continent unknown at Luther's birth, but glad sharers in the high results of his life-work, should study at this time the lessons of his life and character.

In the little village of Mora, in Thuringia, not far from the famous Thuringian forest, an old and well-known family of the name of Luder, or Ludher, or Luther, had long dwelt. A younger son, by name John (or Hans), married Margaret Lindemann, of Neustadt, and, *being* a younger son, was forced to leave his Thuringian home and settle in the little town of Eisleben, in Saxony, there to earn a livelihood in the mines at the foot of the Harz Mountains. He seems to have been an honest, guileless soul; his wife,

a model of modest piety, and a veritable helpmeet to her husband.

In one of his letters Luther tells us, in characteristically bad Latin, that he was born in Eisleben, whither his parents had migrated from near Eisenach, and was baptized at the Church of St. Peter; and his brother, James, has left it on record (in Melancthon's *Life of Luther*) that he was born on St. Martin's Eve, November 10, 1483. Hence, according to custom, he received the saint's name, Martin, at the church next day.

When he was about six years of age, his parents, in the hope of bettering their condition, removed to Mansfeld, about sixteen miles from Eisleben, and here the early years of the reformer's life were passed. His parents spared no pains to impart to him the rudiments of learning and religion. We have an affecting account, in Schlüsselberg's narrative, of John Luther fervently praying at little Martin's bedside that the child might grow up to be active in the spread of the truth. Such conscientious devotion made up for defects in circumstances; the boy learned rapidly, and retained it all. His father, beginning to hope for great things from him, resolved, in 1497, to send the little Martin, at the age of fourteen, to Magdeburg. Here he studied—and starved—for nearly a year, when his father transferred him from Magdeburg to Eisenach, attracted by the reputation of the excellent school there. Eisenach then, as now, lay sleepily at the foot of the Wartburg. Its two or three long streets are intersected by narrow lanes.

Along these our fancy may follow the young student, joining with his companions in singing from door to door, to earn a morsel of bread. It is a pretty and well-known story, which shows us the boyish minstrel pausing in despair before the house of the burgomaster, Conrad Cotta; which describes the good Frau Cotta, her motherly heart touched by his bright eyes and sweet voice, inviting him in to the warmth and brightness of her house; and which goes on to relate how he remained, a welcome guest. After being received as an inmate of this happy home, his life flowed peacefully and pleasantly on for three years, in a congenial atmosphere of books and music, which suited his temperament wonderfully well, and whose charms he was never weary of recalling. In Latin, in elocution, in poetry, he was far ahead of his fellows; but all envy was disarmed before this sweet and sunny nature, which seemed already to have sworn friendship with the world.

The boy had now reached the age of eighteen, and the earnest, ambitious father, having some dim presentiment of his son's future, resolved to give him a university training. The University (or high school, as Germans call their universities to-day) of Erfurt was then one of the leading institutions of Europe. Young Martin was regularly entered as a student in 1501, and began college life, pursuing the study of classics and philosophy with all the eagerness of his enthusiastic temperament. In the next year he took his bachelor's degree, and three years later his master's degree. He attended conscientiously the ministrations of

the town pastor, Weisemann, and the frequent exhortations of the latter to search the Scriptures (rather an unwonted piece of advice for those times), made a deep impression on Luther's mind. He tells us that he sought in vain to find a whole Bible, and could get only portions of one to read. While pursuing his studies he was brought very low with a severe fever, and lay for days at death's door. At the same time he lost a near friend by death. These facts, together with other circumstances, so worked upon his impressionable nature that he determined to adopt that course which then passed for the best way to serve God in a sinful world—namely, to leave it, and enter a cloister.

His father, keenly disappointed, protested; the monastic life, as then lived, had not much credit with him; but Luther, as always when his conscience seemed called in question, was like a rock. So one night in June, 1505, after a farewell supper with some college friends, he went quietly out into the streets of Erfurt, walked to the gates of the Augustinian Convent, rang, was admitted, the door closed upon him, and lo, Martin Luther as monk! It is an affecting, almost pathetic incident of his entrance, that he brought with him, as mementoes of the world he had left, the plays of Plautus and the poems of Vergil. The broad humor of the one and the graceful paganism of the other were strange furniture with which to deck his monkish cell; but Luther was no recluse. Like the character in Terence, he touched humanity at many points, and could not sever all the cords that bound him to the world of men.

But now he was beginning that hopeless task, whose hopelessness he soon discovered, of seeking inward peace by outward mortification. No ascetic ever struggled harder to lift himself by penance and prayer to a plane of religious complacency than did this young Augustinian of twenty-two. He had found a whole Bible, and read it eagerly, but it failed to satisfy him. He plunged deep into the volumes of the Church Fathers, which, while clarifying his ecclesiastical views, and making him a master of dogmatics, did not lift from his back his individual burden of sin. He taxed his ingenuity to invent new penitential devices. "I tormented myself to death," he tells us, "to make my peace with God, but I was in darkness, and found it not." As the youngest member of the brotherhood, he had all menial duties to perform; he swept out the cells, drew water, and begged through the town.

His wonderful common sense gradually forced upon him the conviction that God demanded his heart rather than his body, obedience rather than sacrifice; and it greatly cheered him to find himself at one in this with the venerable vicar-general of his order, Staupitz.

In May, 1507, he was so far restored to a condition of mental balance that he took the vows of a priest, and in 1508, on the recommendation of his friend Staupitz, he was appointed professor of theology and philosophy in the University of Wittemberg, which had been founded six years before by Frederick, the Elector of Saxony. He lectured on Aristotle, whose conclusions he detested; but

his fame was won by his wonderful lectures in Biblical criticism, which crowded his class-rooms with students and brother professors.

In 1511, Luther found himself at one of the cardinal epochs of his life. In company with a brother monk he made a pilgrimage to Rome; perhaps the fulfillment of an old vow; or possibly sent on some mission. We read that when he came in sight of the Eternal City, he fell on his knees in a transport, exclaiming, "Hail, holy Rome, thrice consecrated by the blood of the martyrs." But the halo which, in the pious Saxon's imagination, had clung round the capital of Christendom, was destined rudely to be dispelled. He was inexpressibly shocked by the ineffable things he saw and heard; and another of his idols tumbled from its pedestal. Above all was he disheartened and disgusted by the flippant levity of the priests, their scandalous lives, and the cynical contempt which they manifested toward all that the young Wittenberg professor had been taught to hold sacred. He describes in vivid language his horror at hearing the Latin of the mass mutilated by the celebrating priest in the words "Panis es et panis manebis." ("Bread thou art and bread thou shalt remain.")

Still, though fallen from his respect, she was his Mother Church, and had, as yet, no tenderer son than Luther. He scrupulously went through his round of pilgrim visits to the different shrines. One day he wended his way to the Scala Santa, the Holy Staircase, in order to ascend on his knees its well-worn steps, and thus obtain absolution. While

busy in this pious work, a text on which he had preached at Wittemberg, and on which he had pondered much, flashed anew into his mind, and this time with a vivid revelatory force. It was, "The just shall live by faith." Fully convinced of the futility of all such penances, he rose from his knees and walked away, with the spirit of Protest strong within him. He sadly left the City of Disenchantments, and returned to his native Saxony.

Soon after this he was urged by his friend Staupitz to present himself as a candidate for the degree of *Doctor Divinitatis*, which he did, after a characteristically modest objection, and received this final and highest academic honor.

We now reach a second and the greatest epoch in the life of this great man. It was the year 1517. Dr. Luther was buried up to his eyes in work. In one of his letters to John Lange, he says: "I have need almost continually of two secretaries, for I do nothing all the day long but write letters. I am preacher to the convent, I read the prayers at table. I am pastor and parish minister, director of studies, the prior's vicar—that is, prior eleven times over—inspector of the fish-ponds at Litzgau, counsel to the inns of Herzberg, lecturer on St. Paul, and commentator on the Psalms. * * * I have rarely time to repeat the daily prayers and sing a hymn, without speaking of my struggles with flesh and blood, with the devil and the world." We in this busy age often like to pity ourselves as overworked. How many of us bring into the daily account of hardships

with which we have to contend our "struggles with flesh and blood, with the devil and the world?" And yet we see what factors they were in Luther's personal problem.

In another letter to Lange, about this time, he refers to the epidemic of plague which was slaying its hundreds at Wittemberg and driving its thousands away. With a heroism at once artless and grand, he says: "I am not certain that the plague will let me finish the Epistle to the Galatians. Its attacks are sudden and violent; it is making great ravages among the young in particular. You advise me to fly. But whither shall I fly? I hope that the world will not come to an end if Brother Martin dies. If the pestilence spreads, I shall disperse the brothers in every direction; but as for me, my place is here; duty does not permit me to desert my post until He who has called me shall summon me away. Not that I do not fear death, for I am not St. Paul, but only his commentator, but I hope that the Lord will deliver me from fear." The man who could thus calmly recognize his own fear, and pray to be delivered from it, was a brave man. Wellington, one of the best judges of men that ever lived, knew this, and placed his faith in the men whose faces blanched as they approached "the imminent deadly breach," but whose step never wavered. But Luther had now to face a deadlier foe than the plague, and to enter a contest which was to occupy his energies during the rest of his life.

The occupant of St. Peter's chair at this time was a member of the famous Florentine family of the Medici, and

wore the pontifical title of Leo X. A munificent patron of the arts and literature, he entered with enthusiasm into the plan bequeathed him by his predecessor, Julius II, of building St. Peter's, which he had said should be the Pantheon dome, hung three hundred feet in the air. To meet the magnificent designs of Michel Angelo was a task which the papal treasury could not begin to undertake. But superstition and credulity have ever been the goose to lay golden eggs for those who know how to be their master, and it did not take long to concoct a device for extorting money from the faithful, which, for audacity of conception and success of execution, has few annals in history. I refer, of course, to the sale of indulgences. The theory of this precious scheme rested ostensibly upon the following propositions:

1. The merits of Christ's sacrifice are infinite, consequently there is a vast store of supererogatory merit, a vast reserve fund, as it were, which all the wickedness of mankind had not yet trenched upon.

2. This treasure is deposited with the Church as guardian, with plenary power to dispose of it to the faithful.

Which the Church with motherly kindness proceeded to do; charging handsome prices, and pardoning all imaginable and unimaginable sins, whether in the past, present or future tense.

Among the venders of this purchasable forgiveness a bad eminence was occupied by a Dominican monk whose name was Tetzl, a Leipziger, who seems to have joined the eloquence of an auctioneer to the lungs of a Stentor.

"As the faith of the buyers diminished," says Michelet, "it became necessary to exaggerate to the fullest extent the merits of the specific; the article had been so long in the market and in such great supply that the demand was falling off." Tetzel's ingenuity was equal to the emergency. Re-counting every known sin and inventing new ones, he would calmly add, "Well, all this is expiated the moment your money rattles in the Pope's chest." Even the most loyal children of the Church shrank back in horror at the foul harangues of this unprincipled scamp; but thousands believed and gladly—paid.

As Herr Tetzel, in the course of his business tour through Saxony, reached Juterbock, about four miles from Wittenberg, he came under the lash of Luther's tongue. The preacher-professor exposed with invective and sarcasm the dark ways and vain tricks of the Dominican. On All Saints' Eve, Oct. 31, 1517, he took a more decisive step, and, as it were, burned his bridges behind him. He walked at noon to the castle church at Wittenberg, and boldly nailed to its door the famous ninety-five theses, which, like Ridley's and Latimer's fire at Oxford, kindled such a flame that Rome could not extinguish it.

The essence of this famous series of propositions may be described as the definition of repentance by dividing it into contrition, confession and absolution, and the elevation of contrition to the first place in the series. If contrition be sincere and thorough, the other two will follow as a matter of course. He swept away with a determined hand

the mist which confused the outward and visible token from the inward and spiritual fact; and on the trail of this flying mist was seen the splendid sunrise of the Reformation.

The news of the bold stand made by the Wittenberg professor flew over Germany like wildfire. Pilgrims who had come to Wittenberg to buy, remained to read, and went home to think. The printing-press, blessed handmaid of free thought, soon scattered the new ideas broadcast. His blows at pardon-selling shook the ecclesiastical fabric, and brought thinkers face to face with the tissue of chicanery that had been wrought through centuries by the Church of Rome. Every one wanted to hear more of him, and his treatises, entitled *The Interpretation of the Magnificat* of Mary, *Exposition of the Ten Commandments*, and of the *Lord's Prayer*, were eagerly read from Strasburg to Memel (the German equivalent for our "from the Lakes to the Gulf.") He held a public disputation in the course of the next year at Heidelberg, where his so-called paradoxes were promulgated, and vigorously attacked by various opponents, most prominent among whom was an old fellow-student, John Eck, of Ingolstadt.

By this time the noise of the conflict had crossed the Alps and reached Rome. Leo X, a politic man, had no wish to break with Germany, but went through the form of citing Luther to appear at Rome to explain and answer for his heretical views. But here the growing indisposition of the German princes to allow papal interference with their subjects manifested itself, and Frederick, the good Elector

of Saxony, refused to issue the extradition papers. Whereupon the matter was compromised, and Luther was summoned to appear before the cardinal legate Cajetan, at Augsburg. This was a large concession, and Luther went on foot to Augsburg. As might be expected, the crafty Italian made little impression on the sturdy simplicity and well-established arguments of the Saxon, and the interview was resultless. "I can dispute no longer with the beast," exclaimed the cardinal; "it has two wicked eyes, and marvelous thoughts in its head." Another papal legate, a German this time, was sent to settle the affairs of Germany. His name was Carl von Miltitz. He had an interview with Luther, and adopted a conciliatory tone, urging Luther to apologize to the Pope for disrespect; which, as a matter of courtesy, he consented to do. He also promised to refrain from controversy, but his old opponent, John Eck, having attacked him in a series of theses, Luther felt constrained to reply, and the result was the famous Disputation of Leipzig. This discussion covered a wider range than was at first intended. Eck defended indulgences, penance, and the supremacy of the Roman Church and the Pope, all of which Luther attacked, saying, "The Pope has more need of the church than the church of the Pope." The contest broke off on the refusal of Eck to debate with an opponent who would not abide by the decision of œcumenical councils.

It was felt now that this bold monk must be coerced, and a papal bull against him was issued in July, 1520. Eck

brought the bull, in which Luther and his new teachings were condemned, to Leipzig, but the students tore it down, and Luther himself showed his feeling by publicly burning the document at Wittemberg.

In 1521, the Emperor Charles V, with Spanish loyalty to the Church, gladly consented to come to the aid of the Pope against Germany. He therefore summoned Luther to appear before the Imperial Diet at Worms, sending him a safe-conduct to and from that town. Luther accepted the safe-conduct, and set out in April on his journey, in the firm conviction that he would never return to Wittemberg alive. He entered the imperial city on the 16th; on the next day occurred the most dramatic scene of his life. He was brought before the august assembly and interrogated. He made full explanation of his doctrines, defended them with eloquence, and remained unmoved by the invectives of the Emperor's orator. His opponents, irritated by his steadiness, cut short the arguments, and bluntly demanded of him whether he would recant. Thus put to it, he uttered that memorable reply whose closing words stir our hearts, even at this distance, like the blast of a trumpet:

"Since your imperial majesty and your electoral highnesses ask me for a short and plain answer, I will give you one without teeth or horns. Except I can be convinced by Holy Scripture, or by clear and indisputable reasons from other sources (for I can not defer to the Pope only, or to councils which have so often proved fallible), I neither

can nor will revoke anything. As it has been found impossible to refute the evidences that I have quoted, my conscience is a prisoner to God's word, and no one can be compelled to act against his conscience. Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen!"

This naturally ended that day's proceedings. The next week was spent in conferences, informal discussions, and every kind of effort to seduce or browbeat Brother Martin into abandoning his position, with not the slightest success. It is difficult for us to estimate the strength of the arguments brought to bear on him at this time. His learning and genius were deftly flattered. Why should he cling to a lot of pragmatistical views which would, if triumphant, split the Church and his dear Fatherland. How presumptuous for him to assert his individual judgment against the voice of the Church through her Popes and Councils? These and similar conditions were urged by men of European reputation for learning and position. But somehow the more they pressed him, the more steadily he settled down into that position from which nothing could dislodge him.

The result was what might have been expected. The Emperor dismissed him with a safe-conduct valid for twenty days, during his return to Wittemberg. Luther expressed his gratitude to the Emperor personally, took leave of his friends, and quitted Worms the next day. An imperial edict, issued at Worms, placed him and his writings under ban. His books were burned, and his arrest was enjoined

after the expiration of the twenty days. His friends were naturally alarmed, and the good Elector of Saxony devised a plan for the reformer's personal safety. While on his way from Worms to Wittenberg, a band of armed men met him on the borders of the beautiful Thuringian forest, near Eisenach. They took forcible possession of his person, and compelled him to disguise himself and accompany them along the narrow and winding road which leads up to the Wartburg. Within the mighty walls of the old fortress he found apparent imprisonment and actual safety. From its serene height he could smile at his enemies. Here he found solitude, leisure, and books. Here he composed German Psalms, played the flute, and prosecuted his translation of the Bible. He wrote a vast number of polemical and critical pamphlets, in German; a new thing at that time, when Latin was the universal language of scholars. "I was born," says he, "for the good of my dear Germans, and I will never cease to serve them." And let it be said to Germany's honor, she has never ceased to venerate her benefactor.

It was natural that his active imagination, shut off from the world, should play among the spiritual; and that, in his fits of gloom, Satan should seem to buffet him. We smile at the weakness which saw its ghostly adversary advancing upon it like an armed man, and could find no better weapon with which to vanquish him than an inkstand; but it was a weakness shared by other great natures, practical as well as contemplative, from Socrates to Cromwell.

The popular feeling throughout Germany, on learning of Luther's disappearance, was one of anxiety, which was soon changed to pleasure when it was learned where and under what circumstances he was prisoner; and the vigorous shafts which he launched from his aerial home were as timely and telling as if they had come from his pulpit at Wittenberg. Here, too, it was that his translation of the New Testament was mainly completed. This greatest of Luther's literary gifts to Germany was published September 21, 1522, shortly after he had left the Wartburg, ran rapidly through fifty-eight editions in eleven years, and remains, to-day, a model of simple, terse, limpid German. When Lessing, two hundred years later, was preaching the gospel of a national instead of a Gallicized literature for Germany, he had the language, as crystalized in Luther's Bible, for a basis to work upon, and his task was rendered simple and feasible.

Luther's stay at the Wartburg lasted about ten months. In March, 1522, he returned to Wittenberg, and resumed all the cares and responsibilities which had been only partially lifted during his enforced seclusion. He felt that his destructive activity must be changed to a constructive one—he had pulled down much; he had much to build up. Doctrines had been re-cast, the errors and abuses of the Church had been exposed, but practically the rites and ceremonies of Rome remained unchanged, even in the churches of Saxony. Some of his over-zealous friends at Wittenberg had pushed on the reform with a high hand

during his absence, Carlstadt (his fellow-professor) at their head. They were for making a clean sweep of everything not expressly ordered in the Bible, and insisted that crucifixes, images, candles, all the externalities of the service, "must go." To this headlong iconoclastic fury Luther opposed himself with great steadiness. He urged that the time had not come for such wholesale reforms, if, indeed, they were reforms, and that such violent measures, by provoking a reaction, would do infinitely more harm than good. But the spirit of intolerance, so easy at all times to arouse, was now fairly up in arms; churches were invaded and stripped of pictures, images and altar furniture, and the wildest excesses were indulged in. Worst of all it was to see his friend Carlstadt aiding and abetting, nay, even leading, these fanatics. This brought Luther back from the Wartburg to Wittenberg. Even the gentle Melancthon had been carried away by the current, and it required all of Luther's eloquence and influence to check and avert the danger.

In these four years, from 1520 to 1524, Luther's literary energy was marvellous. We hear of one hundred and thirty treatises in one year, and eighty-three in another. He threw such intensity into all that he did, that his work seems like a combination of the labors of three or four specialists. As philosopher, teacher, preacher, writer, he was at home in every field, and weak in none.

A Diet of all the empire, held at Nuremberg in 1522, showed a very different spirit from that of the Diet at Worms.

Then it was Luther cited to answer for his opinions. Now it was the German nation presenting a list of a hundred grievances against the Papacy; and the legate, who demanded that the Edict of Worms should be put in effect against Luther, was obliged to accept compromises. But in 1523 the Diet met again at Nuremburg, and this time the legate from the Pope was the celebrated Cardinal Campeggio. He demanded to know why the Edict of Worms had not been enforced. But this obstinate Diet only politely inquired what had become of their hundred grievances. Campeggio's political influence, however, was enough to divide the country into two factions, north and south, the former largely Lutheran and the latter—Austria, Bavaria and other South German States—adhering to the Papacy. The breach became wider, the flames of persecution were lit up, and four Augustinian monks were burnt at the stake in Antwerp. From his post at Wittemberg the Reformer sent trumpet-notes of encouragement and sympathy to all. His heart was destined, however, to be still more severely racked and his character tested. For these were the days of the famous peasant rebellion. In July, 1524, it broke out, and raged for ten months. It was the old story. After centuries of oppression the inarticulate woes of the serfs found expression. They fancied that this new gospel of freedom was a political as well as a spiritual evangel; and in this hope they formulated their grievances in a series of demands which it was as natural to make as it was impossible to grant. Among them we note the assertion of

the right to choose their own religious teachers, the abolition of tithes, the liberty to hunt and fish in the open plains, forests and rivers of the country, and the abolition of partial and unjust laws. Luther was requested by the peasants to examine and support their claims; but his wise counsels were rejected by the insurgents who had asked for them, and the rebellion became general through the western end of the empire. Alsace, Suabia, Thuringia, were all aflame, and the Black Forest swarmed with hungry rebels who committed every excess in the extremity of their frenzy.

Such madness could have but one issue. The princes and nobles banded together, routed the ill-armed and worse-disciplined insurgents, and wreaked a bloody vengeance for the fright they had received. And we regret to find Luther encouraging them in this, as though incensed at the peasants for not following his advice. Wholesale executions swept away thousands, among them moderate men, friends of Luther and the Reformation. It was a bloody and miserable interruption to the advance of the gospel of reform; and none realized this afterwards more keenly than the Reformer himself.

In 1525, Luther decided on the step which would bring into harmony his theory and practice of the sacred institution of matrimony. It is difficult for us to realize just what an important and significant thing it was for Luther to do this. "If this monk should marry," said a would-be critic, "it would raise a shout of laughter from one end of Europe to the other." This monk not only risked the laughter of

Europe, but he made his marriage as significant as possible by taking to wife a nun. She was Katherine von Bora, a noble Saxon lady, who with eight others had left the convent at Torgau in order to find freedom of worship and liberation from empty forms. The marriage was a happy one, his Katherine proving a loving and faithful helpmeet. They were poor; his conscience would not allow him to receive money for his books, and his wife had no dowry; but his stipend as professor met their simple wants, and their home was blessed with children.

In 1526, at the Diet of Spires, a resolution was adopted to the effect that "until the meeting of a general council, every State shall live, rule and bear itself as it shall be ready to answer to God and his Imperial Majesty." In 1529, three years later, at another Diet of Spires, the Romish party, representing the Emperor Charles, outnumbered the reformed party, and passed an edict prohibiting further reforms. Against this the minority protested, in a paper which has become one of the world's great documents, and has given its name to half of Christendom. This solemn protest was signed by the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Margrave of Brandenburg, the Prince of Anhalt, and the deputies of fourteen imperial free cities; and from this time on the reform party assumed the name of Protestants.

It was felt by the leading Protestant princes that the theological differences which had arisen between Luther and the great Swiss reformer Zuinglius ought to be

smoothed away, and to this end a grand conference was held at Marburg. The two reformers narrowed down their differences to one point, and on this they could *not* agree, namely, the conception of Christ's presence in the eucharist. Luther would not accept the doctrine of transubstantiation, because it required a miracle on the part of the priest, and when once the elements had been made, by the word of the priest, the body and blood of Christ, they became efficacious, quite apart from any faith on the part of the communicant. These two objections were removed by the Lutheran theory of consubstantiation, employing the omnipresence of Christ.

Zuinglius, on the other hand, regarded the presence of Christ's body in the communion as spiritual and symbolical, not corporeal in any sense, and this was the rock on which they split. Zuinglius pleaded for unity on essential points, with the privilege of differing on secondary matters. But Luther, with a lack of charity, and an unchristian rudeness which reflect little honor on this scene in his life, repelled all advances. He took a piece of chalk, wrote with it on the table, "*Hoc est corpus meum*," and would not budge from that position. He refused to take Zuinglius' proffered hand.

The last sixteen years (1530–1546) of Luther's life were spent at Wittemberg, among his friends and his books. He wrote incessantly, publishing new editions of his Bible and hymn books, and polemical treatises of every sort. His health had never fully recovered from the effects of his

early ascetic rigors, and in 1545 he recognized that the end was not far off. In January, 1546, he went on a mission of peace to his birthplace, Eisleben, to settle a feud between different members of the noble family of Mansfeld, and, taking a severe cold, he sank rapidly, and expired on the 18th of February, 1546, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Eighteen years later, in 1564, the most wonderful intellect of literary history began its earthly existence; and thus the roll of the sixteenth century is enriched with two names of the very first order, that order in which the room is so abundant and the neighbors so few. Shakespeare and Luther were universal minds; and yet, in a certain sense, they divided the universe between them. The greatest of poets is bland, serene, objective; he tells us everything of ourselves, nothing of himself; he lived in the heart of civilized England, and we know rather less about him than we do about Chaucer. He clothes religious allusions with exquisite beauty, but is anything rather than theological. But here Luther begins. Working in scholasticism and theology, he inundated Germany with his thoughts. Eager, impetuous, loving, he gathered friends around him whose delight it was to catch up and report accurately his everyday talk. Where Johnson had one Boswell, Luther had several; and our knowledge of him is as full and detailed as our information about Shakespeare is meagre and legendary. But, in the abundance of our materials, we never lose sight of the earnest, resolute figure of the Wittenberg

monk, with a touch of Peter, a touch of Paul, and yet, more than anything else, a sixteenth-century German, with limitations in temper which often accented with dogmatism and intolerance his relations with his fellow workers. He loved and revered the memory of his master in theology, St. Augustine, and yet he forgot to practice always Augustine's grand motto of unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, charity in all things. But his defects only bring out more clearly the intense humanity of the man; he could do "no other," and God *must* help him. He obeyed his conscience even when it made him inconsistent; to *that* principle he always adhered. He realized, as few natures in this weak world have ever done, that swift and perfect obedience of the whole being to the higher law, so finely expressed by our own highest thinker:

"So nigh is glory to our dust,
So close is God to man—
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must!'
The soul responds 'I can!'"

A SKETCH OF SHELLEY.

MRS. EMMA G. BROWN.

THE limited time necessarily allowed an essay read before this Club makes it difficult indeed to do barest justice to the life and works of Shelley. To speak of them separately is hardly possible, so closely are they interwoven. His poetry, with one exception, is but the eloquent expression of personal thought and aspiration. His life, so full of strange incident and varied experience as to be a "miracle of thirty years," was also an eloquent, fearless, loyal expression of the Right as he discerned it. Taine says he marred his life, wantonly, as it were, by introducing into his conduct the enthusiastic imagination he should have kept for his verses. Shelley has had no lack of biographers. The seeker after knowledge in this direction is somewhat dismayed by the many articles, biographies, lives, lectures, relics and reviews of Shelley. Nor do the numerous and distinguished authorities who have begotten this array always agree; so that a fair and complete portrait of our poet is yet to be produced by a careful and critical handling of this mass of valuable biographical material.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti's Memoir is an important step in this direction. It is well to note that the many distinguished biographers of Shelley, who knew him personally, unite in the conviction that he was "the gentlest, purest, bravest and most spiritual being" they had ever met.

Percy Bysche Shelley was born near Horsham, Sussex county, England, in 1792. His father was a wealthy baronet. Thus this transcendent genius, this most original and unconventional of beings, "from his birth aglow with the transcendental rapture and panting for the ideal good," was born in the purple of the English squirearchy, with its conventional shams, its obstinate conservatism and intolerant dogmatism. Stifling indeed must have been the moral, political and religious atmosphere of England before the days of Sidney Smith, Arnold, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Stanley, Carlyle, and Stuart Mill. Men believed, even less than now, "that beyond social institutions there may be justice, and beyond religious dogmas, faith."

Shelley was sent away to school at the age of nine. He is described as a boy of extraordinary beauty and precocity; loving, innocent, generous, sensitive—and with a sharp hatred of injustice, oppression or cruelty in any form. So constituted, what chance for happiness had he in the public schools of that day? He is said to have learned the classic languages by intuition, almost, and to have taken great delight in experimental science. For the sports of the playground he had no inclination, and his companions regarded him as a somewhat strange and unsocial being—a dreamer

of dreams. At Eton, whither he went at the age of thirteen, he refused to submit to the system of fagging, being a constitutional hater of tyranny or brute force in any form, and was doubtless somewhat cruelly treated by boys and masters in consequence. It is not fair to suppose, however, that at Eton he had any serious blows to bear, or that the laws of love which might have led a gentle spirit like Shelley's, were adapted to the average English school-boy. There is no doubt, though, that a high-spirited, generous nature like his had much to suffer; and his love of liberty and hatred of the established order of things, already excessive, were tending toward that extravagance which afterwards drove him into acts and utterances so hostile to society as to be intolerable. One writer says of him: "We may also trace, at this early epoch of his life, that untamed intellectual ambition, that neglect of the immediate and detailed for the transcendental and universal, which was a marked characteristic of his genius * * * impatient speed and indifference to minutiae were, indeed, among the cardinal qualities of his intellect * * * this high-soaring ambition was the source both of his weakness and his strength, in art as well as in his commerce with the world of men. * * * The boy who despised discipline and sought to extort her secrets from nature by magic, was destined to become the philosopher who dreamed of revolutionizing society by eloquence, and the poet who invented, in Prometheus Unbound, forms of grandeur too colossal to be animated with dramatic life." Certain it is that here, as later

at Oxford, he failed to keep the beaten track of prescribed studies; neither did his mind run in the ordinary grooves of thought. In the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," Shelley thus refers to his childhood:

"While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is fed.
I was not heard, I saw them not—
When, musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy."

Shelley entered University College, Oxford, in 1810, at the age of eighteen. From different authorities I gather the following description of him at this time. "His figure was slight and delicate, his complexion of the purest red and white, his eyes blue, unfathomably dark and lustrous. His features were not symmetrical, yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many), that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works and chiefly the frescoes (into which they infused their

whole souls) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome.

* * * Throughout his life, Shelley exercised a wonderful fascination over the people with whom he came in contact, and won his way with them as much by personal charm as by his determined and impassioned will."

Soon after his arrival at Oxford, Shelley formed the acquaintance of a man who afterward played a prominent part in his history, and who has given us the most brilliant record of his marvellous youth—Thomas Jefferson Hogg. He was totally unlike Shelley; a practical, shrewd man of the world, afterward an eminent lawyer, also a staunch Tory. He seems to have been attracted by Shelley's rare talents as a scholar. Of Shelley as a student, he says:

"No student ever read more assiduously. He was to be found, book in hand, at all hours; reading in season and out of season; at table, in bed, and especially during a walk; not only in the quiet country * * * but in the most crowded thoroughfares of London. * * * I never beheld eyes that devoured the pages more voraciously; I am convinced that two-thirds of the period of day and night were often employed in reading. It is no exaggeration to affirm that, out of the twenty-four hours, he frequently read sixteen. * * * The irreverent cannot comprehend the awe, the mighty emotion, that inwardly agitated him when he approached, for the first time, a volume which he believed to be replete with the recondite and mystic philosophy of antiquity; his cheeks glowed, his eyes became bright, his whole frame trembled, and his

entire attention was immediately swallowed up in the depths of contemplation. The rapid and vigorous conversion of his soul to intellect can only be compared with the instantaneous ignition and combustion which dazzle the sight when a bundle of dry reeds is thrown upon a fire already rich with accumulated heat."

The same devoted friend and biographer also bears witness to the conspicuous purity and sanctity of his life, and to his indignant anger at any coarse or immodest jest.

We must note here the growth and substance of Shelley's atheistical opinions. I have tried to show that the gradual tendency of such a mind, under such surroundings, was almost inevitably in this direction. Haunted by visions of an ideal world of beauty and goodness, he set himself against the actual. From his own experience he judged men good, and society bad, nor did he realize the difference between himself and the multitude about him. Filled with a passionate love of liberty, a hatred of intolerance, a loving sympathy with all mankind—sustained by a vital faith in a possible and almost immediate realization of impossible ideals, he believed it only necessary to break up the established order of things to bring about the millennium. "When he proclaimed himself an Atheist," says one of his most impartial biographers, "he pronounced his hatred of a religion which had been too often the instrument of kings and priests for the enslavement of their fellow-creatures * * * Shelley can only be called an Atheist in so far as he maintained the inadequacy of hith-

erto accepted conceptions of the Deity." But this honest enthusiasm of earnest conviction was accompanied by much that was extravagant, crude and presumptuous—lacking in common sense as well as judgment. Of course I refer now to that turbulent period in his youth which resulted in his pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism," during his first year at Oxtord, at the age of eighteen, and which led to his expulsion by the college authorities, and banishment from his father's house. "Queen Mab," his first work of any importance, was also written at this time, though not printed until a year or two later. It was published for private distribution only, but was *pirated* soon after. It fatally injured Shelley's reputation. I give Shelley's own severe opinion of this work, many years after, when it was republished without his permission—he being in Italy. He says: "I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless, in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication, not so much from literary vanity as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom." It will be seen that age had brought him wiser judgment, and riper philosophy.

He was twice married. First, at the age of nineteen, soon after his expulsion from Oxford, and while practically

homeless and friendless, in London, to Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen, remarkably good-looking, but of birth far inferior to his own. The circumstances leading to this early and ill-considered marriage I cannot stop here to relate. The three years of their married life was, for the most part, an unsettled and unsatisfactory period; and this life became more and more distasteful to him, not only from the commonplace nature of his wife, who was no mate for him, but also from the continual presence and interference of members of her family, who were particularly distasteful to him. A gradual estrangement took place, and, in 1814, they separated, or, to speak more accurately, Shelley abandoned her, and she returned with their child to her father's home, where, soon after, a second child was born. The reasons for this abandonment have been the cause of much altercation among the poet's intimate friends and biographers. It is a blot upon his character, which neither his extreme youth, nor the circumstances of the marriage—which seems rather to have been forced upon him—nor his then openly avowed principles in regard to marriage, can entirely remove. In the meantime he had formed a deep attachment for Mary Woolstonecraft Godwin, daughter of William Godwin, a well-known writer and philosopher of that day; a woman whose fine intellectual abilities made her a fit companion for the poet. This attachment proved genuine and lasting. In company with her he made his first trip to the Continent, and after two years, upon the death of his wife, married her.

The season of valuable literary productiveness with Shelley seems now to have fairly set in. In 1815 he wrote "Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude," the first of his compositions that revealed the greatness of his genius. Alastor, a youth enamored of ideal loveliness, pursues his vision through the universe, longing in vain for its mortal realization. It abounds in magnificent descriptions of natural scenery.

In 1816, Shelley made a second visit to Switzerland, where he met Lord Byron, and began that friendship which is an interesting fact in English literary history. Upon his return, in 1817, his second great poem, "The Revolt of Islam," was written. It is his longest poem, and all the experiences and aspirations of his life are embodied in "the glowing cantos of this wonderful romance." Its hero is Shelley's ideal Shelley. In the fall of this year, he had a severe pulmonary attack, and, having shown decided symptoms of consumption for several years, he, with his family, left England, for Italy, in 1818—never to return. "Four years were left to him," says one writer, "years filled with music that will sound as long as English lasts."

The year 1819 produced his two grandest works—"Prometheus Unbound," a lyrical drama in four acts, and "The Cenci," a tragedy in five acts. It is reckoned as one of the greatest wonders of literature, that two works, so great and so essentially different, could have been composed in the same year. "Prometheus" is modeled after the Greek tragedies, which were now the constant companions of our

poet. The "mighty passions and throes of the gods and demi-gods of Æschylus" fascinated his abstract imagination. John Addington Symonds, in his "Life of Shelley," says: "Prometheus, in this drama, is the humane vindicator of love, justice and liberty, as opposed to Jove, the tyrannical oppressor, and creator of all evils. In 'Prometheus,' Shelley conceived a colossal work of art, and sketched the main figures on a scale of surpassing magnificence. * * * A genuine liking for this work may be reckoned the touchstone of a man's capacity for understanding lyric poetry."

"The Cenci" is the only one of Shelley's works in which he leaves "the interstellar region" and paints men and women. It is the greatest English tragedy since the death of Shakespeare, and the only one of Shelley's works that passed through more than one edition during his lifetime. His beautiful poem, "The Sensitive Plant," was written in 1820; and the sensitive plant is Shelley's own soul. The death of the poet Keats, at Rome, brought forth, in 1821, "Adonais," an elegy unequalled in our language except by the "Lycidas" of Milton, and in eloquence surpassing perhaps even that. Shelley undertook, in 1821, one more great work, "The Triumph of Life," which, judging from the fragment we possess, bid fair to be the longest as well as the loftiest of his masterpieces. The imagery and structure reveal the influence of Dante. It is the only example in English of a most difficult yet fascinating metre, and the "terza rima."

Shelley wrote also a large number of miscellaneous poems. In some of his shorter lyrics he is perhaps at his best. The "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," are familiar to all lovers of genuine poetry. In "The Cloud" and "To a Skylark," says one writer, "all things are made to pulsate, to breathe, to yearn—the verses seem to have been composed at a white heat of fervor." Shelley, indeed, seems always to have composed with his faculties at this white heat—filled as it were with "sacred madness." Taine says: "A cloud, a plant, a sunrise, these are his characters; they were those of the primitive poets, when they took the lightning for a bird of fire, and the clouds for the flocks of heaven. But what a secret ardour beyond these splendid images, and how we feel the heat of the furnace beyond the coloured phantoms which it sets afloat over the horizon!" Shelley is truly the ideal poet, and the poet of the ideal. We must express the distinguishing quality of his work by the one word—ideality; and his poems are mainly impassioned attempts to body forth the splendid visions with which he peopled space. But this very abandonment to inspiration leads him into faults of style from which men less gifted are comparatively free, faults of haste, incoherence, incompleteness—an intolerance of detail resulting in lack of finish.

Shelley spent much of his life in the open air. For souls sensitive as his, Nature is the great consoler. His love of Nature and of books were the two consuming passions of his life. Most of his poems were written in the forest, on

the water, or upon the sunny roof of some Italian villa. His last years in the open air and under the sunny skies of Italy, with no society but his wife, his books and a few chosen friends, were the happiest and most peaceful as well as the most productive of his life. Here, July, 1822, having not yet completed his thirtieth year, he was drowned in the Bay of Spezia, by the capsizing of a pleasure boat. The body was not recovered for many days; then, in accordance with the quarantine laws of Tuscany, it was burned in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt and Trelawny. The scene is most graphically described by Trelawny. His ashes were buried by the side of Keats, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, so sublimely described in "Adonais." To the Latin epitaph, composed by Hunt, Trelawny added these three lines from Ariel's song:

" Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

It is well to remember that we possess only the work of Shelley's cruder years. He was snatched from life when the discords of youth were about to resolve themselves into a clear and lucid harmony. When we remember the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, and Handel's sublime oratorio of "The Messiah," also the work of the maturer years of Bach, Titian, Michel Angelo and Goethe, it is not reasonable to suppose that we possess the best work of "men untimely slain." "Death robbed the world of his maturity. Posterity has but the product of his cruder years, the assurance that he had already outlived them into something nobler, and the tragedy of his untimely end."

The BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

E. A. DAWSON.

WHEN Shakespeare made Wolsey say: "What we oft do best, by sick interpreters (once weak ones) is not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft, hitting a grosser quality, is cried up for our best act," he showed the keen insight he had of human nature; but I doubt that it ever occurred to him that some day there would be a modern "sick interpreter" who would say that "everything which there is good in Shakespeare's dramas comes from Bacon; everything which there is bad in Bacon's dramas comes from Shakespeare."

Yet it is a fact that this is the exact language of one of those whose theory is the subject of what I have to say this evening.

In treating this subject at this time I have no idea that it is possible or even desirable to cover the wide ground the discussion has taken; and beyond mere passing allusions, I will not attempt to speak particularly of more than one or two points; premising, however, that I shall try to set forth these points as fundamental; the rest,

which time will not permit to any more than mention, as merely incidental to the controversy. My object, therefore, will be to try to tell you the origin of the theory that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare, what the theory is, and suggest how you may decide the question for yourselves.

I do not expect to exhaust any one point, and I hope not to exhaust any one of you.

Shakespeare died in the year 1616, and from that time until the year 1848, a period of 232 years, the authorship of the works attributed to him was not questioned, as far as may be learned from the literature extant.

It is true that a scene in a farce called "High Life Below Stairs," written about the year 1759, has been quoted in connection with Shakespearean skepticism, but I am not inclined to think that its bearing is in that direction.

In this farce, the characters are servants who have taken possession of the mansion while the owners are absent; each servant representing one of the masters or mistresses, with the exception of one named "Kitty." The dialogue runs thus:

Lady B.—I never read but one book.

Kitty—What is it your ladyship is so fond of?

Lady B.—Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

Sir Harry—I never heard of it.

Kitty—Shikspur! Shikspur! Who wrote it? No; I never read Shikspur.

Lady B.—Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Duke—Shikspur! Who wrote it?

Sir Harry—Who wrote it? Why, Ben Jonson.

Duke—Oh, I remember; it was Kolly Kibber.

Kitty—Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other.

It is quite apparent, I think, that the point of this scene was not to throw doubt upon the authorship of Shakespeare's works, but rather as a hit at assumed knowledge. It is on a par with that story of the much-traveled lady who, when asked if she had visited the Dardanelles while abroad, replied: "O, yes, we took dinner with them; they are intimate friends of ours."

This scene was referred to in an article in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, in August, 1852, in which the writer, whose name is unknown, advanced the theory that Shakespeare, a "cautious, calculating man, intent upon money-making," found "some pale, wasted student, with brow as ample and lofty as his own, who had written The War of the Roses, and who, with eyes of genius gleaming through despair, was about, like Chatterton, to spend his last copper coin on some cheap and speedy mode of death." "What was to hinder William Shakespeare" he asks, "from reading, appreciating and purchasing these dramas, and thereafter keeping his poet as Mrs. Packwood did?"

Inasmuch as this unknown writer, before he finishes his paper, admits that he does not like his own hypothesis, it will probably be well for us to not now waste time in trying to answer his gorgeous conundrum.

This Edinburgh Journal article of 1852 was for a long time supposed to be the first mention of the Shakespeare heresy, but Mr. Wyman, of Cincinnati, who has given much attention to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, has found and called attention, in his "Bibliography," to a book written by Col. Joseph C. Hart, published in 1848, called "The Romance of Yachting." In a chapter on the "Ancient Lethe," Col. Hart says:

"Alas, Shakespeare! Lethe is upon thee! But if it drown thee, it will give up and work the resurrection of better men and more worthy. Thou hast had thy century! They are about having theirs. * * * He was not a mate of the literary characters of his day, and none knew it better than himself. It is a fraud upon the world to thrust his surreptitious fame upon us. He had none that was worthy of being transmitted. The enquiry will be, who were the able literary men who wrote the dramas imputed to him?"

Col. Hart, in his argument, urges the point that a consideration of the few facts that are positively known concerning the life of Shakespeare precludes the probability of his being the author of the works attributed to him, and claims that he had little part in them. He, however, does not suggest any other author or authors.

As far as I have been able to learn, it appears proper to give credit, if it may be called creditable, to Col. Hart as being the first writer on record to throw doubt upon the accepted origin of Shakespeare's works. As before said, this book appeared in 1848, thirty-six years

ago. What is known as the Baconian theory was not advanced until eight years afterwards. It is an Ohio idea, of course; at least an Ohio woman is responsible for it.

In the January, 1856, number of Putnam's Monthly appeared an article under the title: "William Shakespeare and His Plays—An Inquiry Concerning Them. By Delia Bacon."

In this article, Miss Bacon connects Lord Bacon with Shakespeare's plays. She compares what is positively known of Shakespeare as a man with the transcendent beauty and power of the works attributed to him, and puts these questions:

"Shall this crowning literary product of that great epoch, wherein these new ages have their beginning, vividly arranged in its choicest refinements, flashing everywhere on the surface with its costliest wit, crowded everywhere with its subtlest scholasticisms, betraying, on every page, its broadest, freshest range of experience, its most varied culture, its profoundest insight, its boldest grasp of comprehension—shall this crowning result of so many preceding ages of growth and culture, with its essential and now probable connection with the new scientific movement of the time from which it issues, be able to conceal from us, much longer, its history? Shall we be able to accept in explanation of it, much longer, the story of the Stratford poacher?"

Miss Bacon was the daughter of the Rev. David Bacon, an early Western missionary, and the sister of the late

Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon. She was born in Tallmage, Summit County, Ohio, in the year 1811. She received her education at Catherine Beecher's school in Hartford, Conn., and adopted the profession of teacher. She was also a public lecturer—a rarity in womankind at that time.

A friend, and one who had been her pupil, wrote this of her:

“Delia Bacon was a woman of genius rare and incomparable. Wherever she went, there walked a queen in the realm of mind. To converse with her was to be carried captive. The most ordinary topic became fascinating when she dealt with it; for whatever subject she touched, she invested with her own wonderful wealth of thought and illustration; an association, an imagery, until all else was forgotten in her magical converse.”

Miss Bacon went to England in 1853 for the purpose of hunting proofs of her theory, and the article published in Putnam was written while there. In 1857 she published her book: “The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded.”

In this second work she attempts to develop the theory that there is in the works of both Bacon and Shakespeare a hidden system of philosophy, mere cipher or allegory to those who lived in Elizabethan times, but which would be comprehended by after ages. The preface to this book was written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, however, was not a believer in the theory of the author. In it Hawthorne says: “In the present volume the writer applies herself to the demonstration and development of

a system of philosophy which has presented itself to her as underlying the superficial and ostensible text of Shakespeare's plays. Traces of the same philosophy, too, she conceives herself to have found in the acknowledged works of Lord Bacon, and in the works of other writers contemporary with him. All agree in one system; all the traces indicate a common understanding and unity of purpose in men among whom no brotherhood has hitherto been suspected, except as representatives of a grand and brilliant age, when the human intellect made a marked step in advance."

While Miss Bacon was in England, she visited Carlyle, bearing with her a letter of introduction from Emerson. It is related that Carlyle listened very patiently, for him, to Miss Bacon's attempts to persuade him to believe Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, and that when she had finished, his only reply was: "Lord Bacon could have as easily created this planet as he could have written Hamlet." When she had gone, it is said, Carlyle added to a letter he had written to Emerson, this brief postscript: "Your woman's mad. T. C."

Miss Bacon became a monomaniac on the subject of the authorship of Shakespeare's works. In her second publication, the one to which I have just referred, her style of writing and expression was not as clear as in the first production, and gave evidences that her mind was already affected. Her book was not successful, and she lost her reason entirely. In April, 1858, she was sent back from England to her friends in Hartford, her mind

all gone, and she died in that city in September, 1859.

It may be of interest to you for me to say that, so far as known, there was no traceable tie of relationship between Lord Bacon and Delia Bacon. The statement was at one time made that Miss Bacon was induced to begin her investigations through a fancied relationship to the family of Lord Bacon, but the evidence on the subject is to the effect that no such relationship was ever claimed.

Doubtless it would be interesting to dwell more at length on the incidents of this somewhat remarkable woman's career, but time will not permit, and I hasten to read two extracts which, I think, will give to you a fair idea of her theories.

Hawthorne, in his "Recollections of a Gifted Woman," published in the *Atlantic* in 1863, says: "I had heard, long ago, that she (Delia Bacon) believed that the material evidences of her dogma as to the authorship, together with the key of the new philosophy, would be found buried in Shakespeare's grave. Recently, as I understood her, this notion had been somewhat modified, and was now accurately defined and fully developed in her mind, with a result of perfect certainty. In Lord Bacon's letters, on which she laid her finger as she spoke, she had discovered the key and clue to the whole mystery. There were definite and minute instructions how to find a will and other documents relating to the conclave of Elizabethan philosophers, which were concealed (when and by whom she did not inform me) in a hollow space

in the under surface of Shakespeare's gravestone. Thus the terrible prohibition to remove the stone was accounted for. The directions, she intimated, went completely and precisely to the point, obviating all difficulties in the way of coming at the treasures; and even, if I remember right, were so contrived as to ward off any troublesome consequences likely to come from the interference of parish officers. All that Miss Bacon now remained in England for—indeed, the object for which she had come hither, and had kept her here for three years past—was to obtain possession of these material and unquestionable proofs of the authenticity of her theory."

In this same article, Hawthorne informs us that in almost the last letter he had from Delia Bacon, she had declared to him that he was "unworthy to meddle with her work."

In a notice of Delia Bacon's book, a writer in the London National Review for July, 1857, says: "We have met with nothing in the range of literature so like the attempt to find a needle in a bundle of hay as the task of extracting a definite meaning from the vast body of obscure verbiage and inconsequential reasoning in which she has folded up her ideas." This writer then gives the following as the theme and thread of her argument, as far as he can make it out: "In the days of Elizabeth and James, a conquest more complete and more degrading than that of the first Norman king had overwhelmed England. At the same time, the first fruits of the revival of learning were ripening in England. There

was a body of men there, at the head of which were Raleigh and Lord Bacon, of boundless penetration, wisdom and philanthropy. The cause of freedom and human advancement was that to which their whole souls and lives were devoted. Some of them ventured an overt act against the government, which was speedily crushed. It was necessary to conceal the new light which it was their mission to shed forth upon the world; yet so to hide it, that while it should not betray itself to the jealous scrutiny of a tyrannical autocracy, it yet should be discernible to the gifted eye, and buried only to be disinterred, in its due time, by the sagacity of future generations. We know that in his youth Lord Bacon busied himself with ciphers; he speaks of word-ciphers as well as letter-ciphers; be sure, then, that in ciphers he has hidden the learning he dare not lay bare to the face of the day. Those who search his works with a discriminating eye will find abundant hints scattered through them that they have an esoteric meaning subtly hidden beneath their obvious expressions. He was the master mind of the 'secret association' of men who made it their business to perfect and transmit to posterity a 'new and all-comprehending science of life and practice.' It is in the later and more finished works of this school—The Advancement of Learning, Hamlet, Lear, The Tempest, and The Novum Organum—that the key to the secret doctrines of which it is the object of Miss Bacon's work to furnish, the interpretation is best found; but it lies also wrapt up, like the tree in the bud, in the earliest and most faulty plays in the collection."

Since the publication of Miss Bacon's works, much has been written on the subject of her theory, but I think I may justly say that much discussion has not strengthened, but has weakened it.

The main points of this theory may be stated thus:

First—What is positively known of the life of the man Shakespeare shows that he could not have been the author of the plays attributed to his pen.

Second—That the plays must have been written by a thoroughly-educated scholar, and, judging by the ideas in the plays, and the wonderful genius displayed in the writing of them, Bacon was the only man of the time who could have been the author.

With regard to the first proposition, all the anti-Shakespearean writers seem to agree; with regard to the second, there are many modifications of opinion. All agree that Shakespeare did not write them, but as to who did there is a lack of unanimity. One suggests, and I have already referred to him, that Shakespeare might have kept a poor, half-starved student up in a garret, from whom he purchased the plays; another, that he was a mere theatrical manager, who bought the plays of poor authors, and perhaps suggested certain buffooneries for the delectation of the gods; still another, that there was a coterie of great philosophers and moralists of the Elizabethan age, who wrote cryptographical compositions of philosophy, to be understood and interpreted by after ages, which they dared not promulgate in Elizabeth's reign, and that the coterie wrote the plays. Another

theory is that that this or some other coterie wrote the plays to amuse themselves, and induced Shakespeare to father them; but the main body of the skeptics take the ground that Bacon was the author, and that he only could have written them. And so it has come to pass that the theory is known as the Baconian Theory.

The foundation stone on which this doubt as to authorship rests is wonder and amazement that a man in the ordinary walks of life should have been the source from which emanated writings that, from their own inherent worth, have taken a position that has not been even approached by any other writer in the history of the world, and it seems to me that the attempt to explain the phenomenon by advancing the theory that these writings are the product of scholarship, is a slander upon the Creator of mankind.

You may call it genius, inspiration, or what you will, but the intellect that had the capacity to write what we know as "Shakespeare" came from the hands of its Creator with that capacity, and all the schools in the world, and all the teachers, could not have materially changed its character; no more were they necessary to its development.

You can not judge the writings of Shakespeare by any school, nor by all schools, for there are no standards in the schools broad enough, or deep enough, that their formulas could comprehend and take in these writings. Shakespeare was not a scholar, but he was born with two characteristics or faculties in so great degree that

they might almost be termed miraculous. These two faculties were, first, the power of observation and comprehension by means of observation; second, the power of expression of ideas.

Judged by their works, Shakespeare was by nature a greater analogist than Bacon was by nature and scholarship, in so far as the paths they trod were parallel. But their paths with reference to end and aim were different paths. Bacon, with his magnificent genius, aided by his profound scholarship, sought by analogy and induction to find out the secrets of nature, and reason out new ideas and new discoveries, and to teach the world. But Shakespeare's genius did not follow that path. He was no scholar, had no scholasticisms to advance, no lessons to draw as a reformer; he merely saw what was, and what had been, and touching them with his genius, he breathed life into them, so that mankind, as men, not as scholars, can read and understand and feel what he recorded.

He saw all the phases of human life, and he put them into his writings so that all men from his day until now might understand and appreciate them, and sympathize with them because they are natural. His aim was that which the actor's should be, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Beyond that, as far as we know, he did not care to go.

He seems to have been content to take what mater-

ials were already prepared, and to which he had access by reading, hearing and observation, and to dress them up and set them before the world, or he may have thought before the audiences of London theatres merely, in his unexampled form and language. Look at the materials that form the basis and groundwork of his plays. It is seldom you find anything in them that evidences originality. The story of King Lear and his daughters is almost as old as English literature; Romeo and Juliet is a novel older than Shakespeare, and, as has been said, "owes only its dramatic form and its poetic decoration" to Shakespeare; with some few changes, the story of "The Winter's Tale" was told in Greene's "History of Dorastus and Fawnia;" As You Like It is a reproduction of Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynde;" Othello, Desdemona and Iago, and the main incidents of the play of Othello, were taken from an Italian novel, published in 1565; The Twelfth Night came largely from old novels; The Merchant of Venice is two old stories, one of the bond, and one of the casket, combined; Hamlet owes much of its formation to Belleforest's "History of Hamblet," and doubtless to other and older plays. And so it is with nearly, if not quite all of the plays; their sources of plot have been accurately traced to antecedent authors and histories. But, as Mr. Furness has said: "What to our purblind eyes is bare, naked rock, becomes, when gilded by Shakespeare's heavenly alchemy, encrusted thick all over with jewels. When, after reading one of his tragedies, we turn to what we

are pleased to call the 'original of his plot,' I am reminded of those glittering gems, of which Heine speaks, that we see at night in lovely gardens, and think must have been left there by kings' children at play; but when we look for these jewels by day, we see only wretched little worms which crawl painfully away, and which the foot forbears to crush only out of strange pity."

It is true that men have written of the mysteries and the prophetic nature of Shakespeare's plays; but there are no mysteries nor no prophecies there. For years we have wondered what was the mystery of Hamlet, and students and commentators have advanced all sorts of explanations, some of them more mysterious than the original problem; but Shakespeare intended no mystery; he did not spend his time and talent in constructing an enigma. He crowded into that unequalled story more of human nature than was ever so condensed before or since; he showed so clearly the springs of action that influence mankind, and, by analogy, so much of what makes up the life of every man and woman, that it touches some sympathetic chord in every one who reads it. He has shown us what his genius saw, but he had no intention or expectation of explaining what he saw, or of hiding anything he did see. He was but a faithful recorder; the mystery is in human life, not in Shakespeare's presentation of his view of it.

As for the so-called prophecies of Shakespeare, that have been made prominent by mystery-hunting critics, they are either without good foundation, or are easily

explainable without any appeal to the miraculous. For instance, the lines from *Julius Cæsar*, which was written in or about 1602, where Brutus says to Portia: "You are my true and honorable wife, as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," have been interpreted by some critics as an anticipation of the theory of the circulation of blood, which Harvey discovered in 1619, and did not publish until 1628. But these critics do not take into account that there were vague notions on the subject long prior to Harvey's announcement; and, indeed, Harvey himself, I believe, gave credit to an old teacher for the idea. And again, Shakespeare, before Isaac Newton was born, made Cressida say to Troilus: "My love is as the very centre of the earth, drawing all things to it." If we are to accept the idea that Sir Isaac was the originator of the theory of gravitation, these words certainly seem prophetic, but we must remember that gravitation was written of in Shakespeare's time by Lord Bacon, and it is beyond question that the idea was then prevalent, and where would it more likely be talked of than at the Mermaid Club, where Sir Walter Raleigh and the great wits and dramatists of the time congregated; and who was more likely to hear of and absorb the idea than Shakespeare, the friend and intimate of such men as Ben Jonson, and other members of the club, if, indeed, he was not a member and frequenter of the club himself?

And just here, I think, we can get a very plausible explanation of the fact that many ideas and theories are

common to both the writings of Shakespeare and those of Bacon. We read of Ben Jonson that among his favorite haunts was the Mermaid Club, where he was thrown into the society of Raleigh, Selden, Donne, and of the great dramatists of the Elizabethan age. Raleigh was intimate with Bacon, and doubtless other members of the club were. Many of these members were also friends and associates of Shakespeare.

Ben Jonson said of him: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side of idolatry, as much as any," and we have other evidences of the high regard in which he was held by his associates and rivals. How easy, then, it was that the great ideas with which Bacon's great brain was teeming should readily get to be the subjects of the conversations at the Mermaid Club of the men who were the associates of both Bacon and Shakespeare; and we know what an absorber of ideas Shakespeare was, and how he utilized all the knowledge his mind accumulated. Possibly Shakespeare did not originate many of these ideas that are common to the writings of the two men, but he made use of them, just as he did of history and old tales and proverbs, of which others had written.

And then we have those who insist that the writer of the plays must have been greatly learned in the law, but I apprehend that any one who honestly and fairly examines into this point will come to the conclusion that Shakespeare's law is often more dramatic than just, and also that all the law and the law terms that are in the

plays might be stored up in the mind of an average boy during three months spent in a lawyer's office; and there is a generally accepted tradition that Shakespeare served for a time as a lawyer's clerk.

James Spedding, the biographer of Lord Bacon, and who has edited his works, says this of Shakespeare: "Neither do the works attributed to him show traces of scholarship or scientific education. Given the faculties (which Nature bestows as freely upon the poor as upon the rich), you will find that all the acquired knowledge, art and dexterity which the Shakespearean plays imply, was easily attainable by a man who was laboring in his vocation, and had nothing else to do."

But these school-men will not admit that God could have made a man with the capacity to write these plays; he must be finished and added to by schools. They talk of the "Stratford poacher" and the "mere theatrical manager," and on such expressions, and the idea contained in them, they build their whole theory. Take away that one idea, and you take away the main prop. It is the idea from which the theory first started, and it is the same argument that was used nearly two thousand years ago, when He who "spake as never man spake" was on earth, and they said of Him: "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son?"

I wish I had time to make comparison of ideas and words, after the manner of anti-Shakespeareans, and I think I could prove to you, by that standard, from the

plays themselves, that Shakespeare was a "poacher," for, either by his observations on Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds, or somewhere else, he seems to have acquired a very intimate knowledge of deer, deer-hunting and deer-stealing; and I would like, further, to point out specifically how the very atmosphere with which these writings are surrounded is that of the stage; how the whole of human life, and the surroundings, seem to have been viewed through the eyes of a "theatrical manager;" and I would like to take up many other points that bear upon the controversy; to show how, as one has said, the same process that has been applied to disprove Shakespeare's authorship "could reduce Bacon from a great law-giver in the empire of thought, to a corrupt lawyer and a base flatterer in the Court of King James;" I would like to point out how the arguments and processes that have been advanced prove as well that Bacon wrote Beaumont, Fletcher and Jonson, and all the works of all his contemporaries. I would like to show the likeness between the sonnets and poems of Shakespeare and the plays (and the authorship of the sonnets and poems was not disputed, I believe, until it was found necessary to claim all for Bacon, or none). I would like to rehearse the strong, positive evidence of Shakespeare's contemporaries in support of the authenticity of the writings. These and a thousand other matters that have been brought into the discussion would be interesting to you, but, as I am not a Puck, I cannot put a girdle about these things in forty minutes.

But leaving these things and all strained and fine-spun theories aside, the proof of the pudding in this case as in others is in the eating of it. Who can point to one noted Shakespearean scholar, one who is accepted as a Shakespearean authority, who is of the opinion that these plays and sonnets and poems were written by Lord Bacon? I doubt that there is any unprejudiced mind familiar with the writings of Shakespeare and those of Bacon that can help agreeing with Spedding, the Baconian editor, when he says that he doubts if there are five lines together to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon. Each has distinct characteristics which you would no more mistake than you would the voice, or the manner, or the walk, or the handwriting of your most intimate friend. Lord Bacon himself has suggested the test that more than anything else can make the subject clear to any intelligent person who wishes to make the test. When Queen Elizabeth became angry at Dr. Hayward's book, in which she suspected treason, and would not be persuaded that Hayward had written it, she threatened to have him racked to make him tell the name of the real author, but Bacon said to her: "Nay, madam, never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no."

There can be no surer test than this. It is not pos-

sible for any man to hide certain characteristics for any length of time in talking or in writing; and yet many of the anti-Shakespearean writers wish and ask us to believe that Lord Bacon lived a dual literary life—the one as a philosopher, moralist and lawyer; the other as a play-writer, the most brilliant the world ever saw, and that in each of these lives he carefully hid from the world the characteristics of the other. You must believe this if you accept the theory.

In the writings of the one we see the stiff and formal scholar, with a mode of expression peculiarly his own, and always the same, and most prosaic; lacking in humor, deficient in human sympathies; one would think that Latin was his native tongue, rather than English; we see a man busied with philosophy, politics and law from very boyhood, questioning the system of Aristotle before he left school, tearing down the old, and attempting, but for the most part failing, to build up the new; trying to reason out causes from effects, and to construct a new system of logic and induction that would revolutionize the world of discovery; we see the careful writer, particular that his sayings and ideas shall be carefully expressed and recorded, and handed down to after ages; he wrote the "*Novum Organum*" over twelve times before he was satisfied to have it published.

In the writings of the other we see styles of expression which, while characteristic, are almost as varied as the characters represented; we are carried captive by poetic genius; we find the writings crowded with evidences of

perfect sympathy with every phase of humanity; the pages abound in the brightest of witticisms and the very contagion of humor; with his "small Latin and less Greek," the writer is thoroughly and always an Englishman; he does not seem to care what were the causes of the effects he produces, nor that any lessons shall be drawn from what he says; we see that the man has taken things as he found them, and so careless in the use of his materials was he, that he was content to copy the errors of his edition of Plutarch, and transfer to and perpetuate them in his plays; he was guilty of the baldest of anachronisms, not hesitating to make Meninius, in *Coriolanus*, speak of the "most sovereign prescription of Galen," 650 years before Galen lived, and in almost every other way defying all the laws and rules that schools and men of letters have laid down in a pedantic way.

Looking at the matter in the manner suggested by Lord Bacon in the case of Hayward, let us rack the styles of the writings credited to Shakespeare and to Bacon. Time will permit me to give only a very few instances, but I wish merely to slightly illustrate the point.

In one of his essays, Bacon gives directions as to the proper conduct of masques, which were the forerunners of the drama. Let me read an extract:

"These things are but toys, to come amongst such serious observations. But yet, since princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with elegancy than daubed with cost.

"Dancing to song, is a thing of great state and pleasure. I understand it, that the song be in quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken music; and the ditty fitted to the device.

"Acting in song, especially in dialogues, hath an extreme good grace; I say acting, not dancing (for that is a mean and vulgar thing); and the voices of the dialogue would be strong and manly (a base and a tenor; no treble); and the ditty high and tragical; not nice or dainty. Turning dances into a figure is a childish curiosity. And generally let it be noted, that those things which I here set down are such as do naturally take the sense, and not respect petty wonderments. It is true, the alterations of scenes, so it be quietly and without noise, are things of great beauty and pleasure; for they feed and relieve the eye, before it be full of the same object. Let the scenes abound with light, specially colored and varied; and let the maskers, or any other that are to come down from the scene, have some motions upon the scene itself before their coming down; for it draws the eye strangely, and makes it with great pleasure to desire to see that it cannot perfectly discern. Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings. Let the music likewise be sharp and loud, and well placed. Let the suits of the maskers be graceful, and such as become the person when the vizards are off; not after examples of known attires: Turks, soldiers, mariners, and the like. As for angels, it is not comical to put them in anti-masques; and anything

that is hideous, as devils, giants, is on the other side as unfit.

"Double masques, one of men, another of ladies, addeth state and variety. But all is nothing except the room be kept clear and neat."

Compare those directions with the instructions that the prince of poets and dramatists puts into the mouth of Hamlet:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod; pray you, avoid it.

"Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature,

scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, too, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, pagan nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Are these from the same pen?

The only poetical works that are positively known to have been written by Lord Bacon are a few translations and paraphrases of the Psalms. I will read to you a part of his version of the 137th Psalm, and then, for comparison as to quality, a few brief extracts from Shakespeare, where the latter brings religious feeling into play:

Bacon's Psalm reads:

"When as we sat all sad and desolate,
By Babylon on the river side,
Eased from the tasks which in our captive state
We were enforced daily to abide,
Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

"But soon we found we failed of our account,
For when our minds some freedom did obtain,

Straightways the memory of Zion mount
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
So that with present griefs and future fears,
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

"As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,
We hanged them on the willow trees were near;
Yet did our cruel masters to us come,
Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear,
Taunting us, rather, in our misery,
Than much delighting in our melody."

Do you think that those rhymes came from the mind
and pen of the master poet of the world, who wrote
this:

"It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Or this, from Henry the Fourth:

"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes,

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies;
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross."

Or compare Bacon's psalms with these two prayers from Shakespeare. The first is that of Henry the Fifth, the night before Agincourt:

"O, God of Battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O, Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

The other is the prayer of Richmond on the eve of his battle with Richard the Third:

"O, thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!"

And so I leave the matter with *you*. Read Shakespeare; read Bacon. By their works ye shall know them.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

FRANCIS C. SESSIONS.

LINNÆUS, when he told his scholars that there were more wonders and mysteries in the turf covered by his foot than the longest life of the most laborious botanist would suffice to describe or to explain, made what to some would seem an extravagant assertion; but the naturalist knows that the details of creation are inexhaustible; and when one reads the life and works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and tries, in the time allotted to him here, to do justice to the rarest genius America has given to literature, he realizes the difficulty encountered by one who attempts, in a much longer time, to examine the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose works, in their peculiar character, are not excelled in the literature of the present day, or of the English language.

This admirable author was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804, and is of a family which, for several generations, followed the sea; a gray-haired ship-master in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had

blustered against his sire and grandsire. Among his ancestors, I believe, was the "bold Hawthorne," who is celebrated, in a Revolutionary ballad, as commander of the "Fair American." The Hawthornes came from England in the early part of the seventeenth century, and took part in the persecution of the Quakers and the witches. His father died at sea, when he was about four years old. His mother, whose name was Manning, was a beautiful woman, with remarkable eyes full of sensibility and expression, and a person of singular purity of mind. Her grief at her husband's death was hardly mitigated by time, and for the rest of her life she remained a mourner, in absolute solitude. Those who knew the family describe the son's affection for her as of the deepest and tenderest nature, and they remember that when she died his grief was almost insupportable. James T. Field says: "Nathaniel Hawthorne, who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

"Wandered lonely as a cloud,"

"Was a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude. The writings of this author have never soiled the public mind with one unlovely image. His men and women have a magic of their own, and we shall wait a long time before another arises among us to take his place. I remember to have heard, in the literary circles of Great Britain, that, since Burns, no author had appeared there with a finer face than Hawthorne's. I happened to be

in London with Hawthorne, during his consular residence in England, and was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody."

He was a pleasant child, quite handsome, with golden curls; his eyes were dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say "that they were the only eyes he had ever known to *flash*." While he was yet in college, an old gypsy woman, meeting him suddenly in a woodland path, gazed at him, and asked: "Are you a man or an angel?" While a child, and as soon almost as he began to read, the authors he most delighted in were Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and Thomson. The first book he bought with his own money was a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen." When he was six years old his favorite book was "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and then, when he went to visit his grandmother Hawthorne, he used to take the old family copy to a large chair in the corner of the room, near a window, and read it by the hour, without once speaking. When he could scarcely speak plain, the little fellow would go about the house, repeating, with vehement emphasis and gestures, certain stagey lines from Shakespeare's Richard III., which he had overheard from older persons about him. One line, in particular, made a great impression upon him, and he would start up on the most unexpected occasions, and fire off in his loudest tones:

"Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass!"

In 1820, *The Spectator*, edited by N. Hawthorne, neatly written in printed letters by the editor's own hand, appeared. Six numbers only were published. The following subjects were discussed: "On Solitude," "The End of the Year," "On Industry," "On Benevolence," "On Autumn," "On Health," "On Hope," "On courage." In one of the numbers he apologizes, that no deaths of any importance have taken place in the town. Under the head of births he gives the following news: "The lady of Dr. Winthrop Brown, a son and heir. Mrs. Hawthorne's cat, seven kittens. We hear that both of the above ladies are in a state of convalescence." One of the literary advertisements reads: "Blank books made and for sale by N. Hawthorne." At seventeen he entered Bowdoin College. When he returned home after his collegiate studies, a lady says: "He was a most noticeable person; never going into society; deeply engaged reading everything he could lay his hands on." It was said in those days that he had read every book in the Athenæum Library in Salem. When a child, and before he had printed any of his stories, a lady remembers that she used to sit on his knee, and lean her head on his shoulder, while by the hour he would fascinate her with delightful legends, much more wonderful and beautiful than any she has ever read in printed books.

Rev. Dr. Cheever, Henry W. Longfellow and Franklin Pierce (afterward President of the United States) were his classmates in college; the latter was his most intimate friend. He says of himself: "I was an idle student; neg-

ligent of college rules and old Procastean details of academic life, rather choosing to nurse my own fancies than to dig into Greek roots and be numbered among the learned Thebans." He wrote to his mother: "I have not concluded what profession I shall have. The being of a minister is, of course, out of the question. I should not think you would ever desire me to choose so dull a way of life. Oh, no, mother! I was not born to vegetate forever in one place, and to live and die as calm and tranquil as— a puddle of water. As to lawyers, there are so many of them already that one-half of them are in a state of actual starvation. A physician, then, seems to be 'Hobson's choice;' but yet, I should not like to live by the diseases and infirmities of my fellow-creatures, and it would weigh very heavy upon my conscience in the course of my practice if I should chance to send any unlucky patient '*ad inferum*,' which, being interpreted, is to the realms below. Oh, that I was rich enough to live without a profession! What do you think of my becoming an author, and relying for support upon my pen? Indeed, I think the illegibility of my handwriting is very author-like. How proud you would feel to see my works praised by the reviewers as equal to the proudest productions of scribbling John Bull's! But authors are always poor devils, and therefore Satan may take them. I am in the same predicament as the honest gentleman in 'Espiella's letters'—

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
A nursing in my mind what garment I shall wear."

In 1837, Mr. Hawthorne published the first, and in 1842 the second volume of his "Twice Told Tales," so named because they had previously appeared in the periodicals. Mr. Longfellow pronounced it the work of a man of genius and of a true poet; but it attracted but little attention from the general public. Discerning readers, however, recognized the supreme beauty in the new writer, and they never after lost sight of him.

In 1838, Hawthorne was appointed by George Bancroft, now the great historian, and then Collector of the Port of Boston, to the place of weigher and gauger, and he performed the disagreeable duties to the satisfaction of all, and was a great favorite with the sailors. Think of the great romancer working with all his might in such employment! But we remember that Burns had similar employment in the custom house in Edinburgh. Mr. Field says when there was a change of politics at the head of the Government, he tried to have the author of the "Twice Told Tales" continued in office. One pompous little gentleman in authority, after hearing my appeal, quite astonished me by his ignorance of the claims of a literary man on his country. 'Yes, yes,' he sarcastically croaked down his public turtle-fed throat, 'I see through it all; I see through it; this Hawthorne is one of them ere visionists, and we don't want no such man as him round.' It is well for him and the world that he was not allowed to hold the petty office, and the best thing for American letters that could possibly have happened. After dismissal from the

custom house, he said, that he made an investment in ink, paper and steel pens, opened his long disused writing-desk, and was again a literary man, and came to the conclusion that everything was for the best. "I thought," said he, "as I was not a politician, my own prospect of retaining office was better than were those of my Democratic brethren. But who can see an inch into futurity beyond his nose? My own head was the first to fall. The moment a man's head drops off is seldom or never, I am inclined to think, precisely the most agreeable of his life." The real human being, all this time, with his head safely on his shoulders, had brought himself to the comfortable conclusion that everything was for the best.

This office was his sole support, and now he was obliged to take up authorship for his livelihood? Mr. Hawthorne came into his house, after he had been superseded at the custom house, with a humorous smile in his eyes, and said, "Well, Sophie, my head is off, so I must begin to write a book; but what puzzles me is, how we are to live while the book is writing." "Oh, wait until you see how economical I have been," replied his wife. Whereupon she unlocked a drawer, and presented to her husband a roll of bills amounting to one hundred and fifty dollars, being the accumulation of her savings out of the money he had from time to time given her for housekeeping.

Hawthorne married Miss Sophie Peabody, who was a remarkable woman, and a great help in every way to him; he could never have been the man he was without such a

companion; it is not often that two such poetic temperaments unite their fortunes for life. Miss Peabody, her sister, gives an interesting account of their first meeting. The Hawthornes and Peabodys lived near to each other in Salem, Mass. The former lived secluded, spending most of their time reading and in solitary walks. Hawthorne's mother was a widow; and it was considered, at that time, a mark of piety and good taste for a widow to withdraw herself from the world. Miss Peabody says: "It was a difficult matter to establish visiting relations with so eccentric a household. After two or three years, Mr. Hawthorne and his sister called on us. It was in the evening; I was alone in the dining-room, but Sophie, who was still an invalid, was in her chamber. As soon as I could, I ran up stairs to her and said, 'Oh, Sophie, you must get up and dress and come down; the Hawthornes are here, and you never saw anything so splendid as he is—he is handsomer than Lord Byron.' She laughed, but refused to come, remarking that since he had called once, he would call again. As he became interested in conversation, his sensitive shyness and his nervousness passed away, and the beauty of the outline of his features, the pure complexion, the wonderful eyes, like mountain lakes reflecting the sky—were quite in keeping with the 'Twice Told Tales.' He did call again, as Sophie had predicted, not long afterwards; and this time she came down, in her simple white wrapper, and sat on the sofa. As I said, 'My sister, Sophie,' he rose and looked at her intently—he did

not realize how intently. As he went on talking, she would frequently interrupt a remark, in her low sweet voice. Every time she did so, he would look at her again, with the same piercing, indrawing gaze. I was struck with it, and thought, what if he should fall in love with her; and the thought troubled me; for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry and inflict on her husband the care of an invalid. She had never been free from a terrible headache from her infancy."

Mrs. Hawthorne, in telling her children many years afterwards, of these first meetings with their father, used to say that his presence, from the very beginning, exercised so strong a magnetic attraction upon her, that instinctively, and in self-defense, as it were, she drew back and repelled him. The power which she felt in him alarmed her; she did not understand what it meant, and was only able to feel that she must resist. By degrees, however, her resistance was overcome; and in the end, she realized, that they had loved each other at first sight. Hawthorne wrote to her sister, "She is a flower to be worn in man's bosom, but was lent from Heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul." At another time he said to her sister, Mary, he wished he could have intercourse with some beautiful children—beautiful little girls; he did not care for boys. Miss Peabody said to Sophie, "What a beautiful smile he has." You know in "Annie's Ramble," he says that if there is anything he prides himself upon, it is on having a smile that children love. Sophie Peabody was Hawthorne's

true guardian and re-creating angel. The acknowledgment between them of their mutual love took place about the time of the custom house appointment, and furnished an object and a spur for his labors. His mother opposed the union. She could never endure the thought of his marrying a woman who was a victim of constant nervous headaches. She consented to let the engagement continue only with the understanding that she should recover from her twenty years' illness. "If God intends us to marry," she said to him, "He will let me be cured; if not, it will be a sign that it is not best." Miracle or not, however, the cure was actually accomplished, and the two were united, and the lovers were justified in believing that Love himself was the physician. His mother said to him, "Sophie Peabody is the wife of all others whom I would have chosen for you."

Some one says, "What a high contrast the lives of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophie Peabody present to those of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welch." If one does not think that genius is compatible with domestic bliss, let him study the life of Hawthorne. Here is one of his love letters:

"DEAREST—I wish I had the gift of making rhymes, for methinks there is poetry in my head and heart since I have been in love with you. You are a poem. Of what sort, then? Epic? Mercy on me, no. A sonnet? No. For that is too labored and artificial. You are a sort of sweet, simple, gay, pathetic ballad, where nature is singing sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiles, and sometimes intermingled smiles and tears."

In 1846 he published "Mosses from an Old Manse," a second collection of his magazine papers. In this book he gives delightful glimpses of his personal history. In 1843 he went to reside in the pleasant village of Concord, in the Old Manse, which had never been profaned by a lay occupant until he entered it as his home. In the introduction of "Mosses from an Old Manse," he says:

"A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he, by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better, if not the greater number, that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs, and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances, he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue; and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse, well worth those hoards of long

hidden gold, which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality—a layman's unprofessional, and therefore unprejudiced views of religion—histories (such as Bancroft might have written, had he taken up his abode here, as he once proposed), bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought—these were the works that might have fitly flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel, that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote 'Nature,' for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels, or, at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil, that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They had all vanished now; a cheerful coat of paint, and golden-tinted paper hangings, lighted up the small apartment, while the shadow of a willow tree that swept against the overhanging eaves attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the

grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few, and by no means choice, for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way), stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed."

In his home at Concord, thus happily described, in the midst of a few congenial friends, Hawthorne passed three years, and, "in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean," he says, "three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud-shadows across the depths of a still valley." But at length his repose was invaded by that "spirit of improvement" which is so constantly marring the happiness of quiet-loving people, and he was compelled to look out for another residence.

"Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away, and there were horrible whispers about

brushing up the external wails with a coat of paint—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast room—delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel-gifts that had fallen like dew upon us—and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts, as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at—has led me, as the newspapers announce while I am writing, from the Old Manse into a custom house! As a storyteller, I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this. The treasure of intellectual gold, which I had hoped to find in our secluded dwelling, had never come to light. No profound treatise of ethics—no philosophic history—no novel, even, that could stand unsupported on its edges—all that I had to show, as a man of letters, were these few tales and essays, which had blossomed out like flowers in the calm summer of my heart and mind.”

When he was turned out of office, in 1841, he went to live at Brook Farm, a sort of Foureite Community. Ripley originated this transcendental and socialistic community, and Dana, Dwight, Channing, Parker, and other literary men supported it as well as Hawthorne. His experience there

was not a success, and he wrote afterward, the chief advantage it brought him was, that it taught him how to plant corn and squashes, and buy and sell at the produce market; and that it provided him with an invaluable background for his "Blithedale Romance." All the money he had saved in the custom house he sunk in this Community. He said of Brook Farm: "The self-conscious philanthropist; the high-spirited woman bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly maiden whose tremulous nerves endow her with syballine attributes; the minor poet beginning life with strenuous aspirations which die out with his youthful fervor; all these might be looked for at Brook Farm, but by some accident never appeared there."

We were much interested in reading the "Scarlet Letter" in 1850, and it made a powerful impression upon our minds, which has not been effaced to this day. It was a tale of early New England life; he gave in it a graphic and satirical description of the old custom house and its venerable inmates. This book gave him a high and wide-spread reputation. It dealt with a subject of universal interest in such a way as to command universal sympathy. From the time the "Scarlet Letter" was published, says his son, Julian Hawthorne, "Hawthorne became a sort of Mecca for pilgrims with Christian's burden upon their backs. Secret criminals of all kinds came to him for counsel and relief. The letters he received from spiritual invalids would have made a strange collection. Some of them he showed to his wife; but most of them he withheld even from her; and

all of them he destroyed. Had such a pilgrimage occurred before he wrote the great romance, one might have thought he had availed himself therein of the material thus afforded him. But such practical knowledge of the hidden places of the human heart comes only to those who have proved their right to it by independent spiritual intuition. Greatness is the only magnet of the materials upon which greatness is based."

Hawthorne did not think so well of this book as of his subsequent ones. But there is reason to believe that, towards the latter end of his life, he modified this opinion. It produced its effect even upon its own author, when the latter first read the manuscript to his wife. When Hawthorne was writing "Rappacini's Daughter" in the "Old Manse," he read the as yet unfinished manuscript to his wife; "But how is it to end?" she asked him when he laid down the paper. "I have no idea," was Hawthorne's reply, with some emotion. Some one wrote, that in the "Scarlet Letter" he was undecided as to whether or not Hester and Arthur Dimmesdale were going to elope together; why should he have been at the pains of writing the story, had he contemplated the possibility of the alternative catastrophe?

His next book was called "The House of the Seven Gables." The witch element in this romance necessitated the scene being laid in Salem, and was written in about five months. Mrs. Hawthorne wrote to her mother as follows, in regard to it: "There is unspeakable grace and beauty

in the conclusion, throwing back upon the sterner tragedy of the commencement an ethereal light, and a dear home loveliness and satisfaction. How you will enjoy the book—its depth of wisdom, its high tone, the flowers of Paradise, the sweet wall-flower scent of Phoebe's character, the wonderful pathos and charm of old Uncle Venner! I only wish you could have heard him sing his own song as I did." Lowell wrote him in regard to his book: "I thought I could not forgive you if you wrote anything better than the 'Scarlet Letter.' It seems to me the 'House' is the most valuable contribution to New England history that has been made."

His next book was the "Blithedale Romance." Hawthorne says in the preface of this book, that he has ventured to make free with his old and affectionately made home at Brook Farm as being certainly the most romantic episode of his own life. "The characters of this romance," he says, "are entirely fictitious, though the scenes of Brook Farm were in good keeping with the personages whom I desired to introduce." This he thought his best book, as did many of his friends. One says: "The best way I can describe it, is to say that it opens and shuts like heat lightning. The real philanthropist, the practical reformer, the friend of the race, must be encouraged in his glorious course by reading this book." Washington Irving says: "Your writings I have regarded with admiration as among the very best ever issued from the American press."

In 1853, Hawthorne was appointed by President Pierce, his old friend and classmate at Bowdoin College, Consul at

Liverpool, one of the most lucrative posts in his gift. No one could go on producing such books as he had written the past three years, and he now had a rest and an opportunity to visit Europe. What can be more agreeable, if born with tastes which cannot be fully gratified in the land of your birth, than when the bustle and struggle of life are over, and your faculties and judgment are ripened, to find yourself all at once in actual contact with the things, the scenes, and the people that you have so long desired to visit—such enjoyment as some of us have experienced, and I do not know but the best part of it is the anticipation and retrospect.

Hawthorne's last three novels had been published in England, and therefore he was not a stranger to the reading people there, and he was received with hospitable pleasure. During his absence from America he did not write much except his English, French and Italian journals. His books were well received in England, and he met many prominent literary men. He visited, by invitation, Mr. Martin Farquar Tupper, and his description of his personal appearance is amusing and funny. He was received most cordially, and Tupper greeted him by saying, "Oh, great *Scarlet Letter*!" "I did not know what the devil to say unless it were, 'Oh, wondrous man of proverbs!' 'Oh, wiser than Solomon.' Before we reached the gate he had asked me who I meant by Zenobia in the '*Blithedale Romance*,' and whether I had drawn my own character in '*Miles Coverdale*,' and whether there really was a tombstone in Boston with the

letter A upon it,'—very posing questions, all of them. I liked him and laughed in my sleeve at him, and was utterly weary of him; for he is certainly the ass of asses—not but that he is a writer of great strength and power, for surely 'The Crock of Gold' is a very powerful tale. His wife and seven children are very kind people, and I heartily wish them well."

He visited France, Spain, Switzerland and Italy. He wrote the Italian Note Books and the "Romance of Monte-Beni," which is perhaps the most widely read of all Hawthorne's works. It was during his visit to Rome that he saw in the Church of the Capuchins the dead monk which figures so impressively in the "Marble Faun;" he said, "We soon came away and left him lying there—a sight which I shall never forget."

While in Rome, Hawthorne went on laboring and meditating on the "Marble Faun." "I find the Italian air," he said in a letter from Florence, "not favorable to the close toil of composition, although it is a very good air to dream in; but I must breathe the fogs of old England, or the east winds of Massachusetts, in order to put me into working trim;" and he finished the Marble Faun on the broad and dreary sands of Redcar, England, "With the gray German ocean tumbling in upon me, and the northern blasts always howling in my ears. The complete change of scene made these Italian reminiscences shine out so vividly that I could not find it in my heart to cancel them." Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not

be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be in America. No author without a trial can conceive the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a common-place property, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance writers may find congenial and easily handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable event of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens and wall flowers need ruin to make them grow."

John Lathrop Motley was in Rome with him at the time he was at work upon the "Marble Faun," and he occasionally descanted upon it to him. Motley wrote him, after it was published, "Everything that you have ever written, I believe, I have read many times. But the 'Romance of Monte-Beni' has the additional charm for me that it is the first book of yours that I have read since I had the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance. My memory goes back to those walks (alas, not too frequent) we used to take along the Tiber or in the Campagna. Your book has been criticised somewhat. I like those shadowy, weird, fantastic, Hawthornesque shapes flitting through the golden gloom which is the atmosphere of the book. I suppose that nothing less than an illustrated edition, with a large gallows on the last page with Donatello in the most pensile of attitudes—his ears revealed through a white night cap—

would be satisfactory." The romance of Monte-Beni, or "Marble Faun," was finished in 1860. After an absence of six years, he returned to America in June, 1860. Ellery Channing wrote him, "I was greatly pleased with the success of your last book, the 'Marble Faun,' and greatly enjoyed the Italian criticism. I should be ashamed to tell you how often I have read the 'Marble Faun' or the 'Blithedale Romance;' the latter is, I think, of all your pieces, the one I like best." After his return to America he was busily engaged in writing various books, but his health began to fail, and after a lingering illness Nathaniel Hawthorne died suddenly, at the age of sixty, while on a visit for his health, with his old friend, ex-President Pierce, to the White Mountains, in May, 1864, mourned by a large number of friends. At the gates of the cemetery, at his funeral, stood on either side of the path, Longfellow, Agassiz, Holmes, Whittier, Alcott, Lowell, Pierce, Emerson and others; and as the carriage passed between them they uncovered their heads in honor of Hawthorne's widow. His unfinished book, "The Dolliver Romance," was laid on his coffin.

Bayard Taylor writes to his friend, James T. Field: "I am shocked to hear, an hour ago, that we have lost Hawthorne. Good God! are all the choice spirits leaving us? I don't think I wrote you how much I felt his sudden taking away; how cordially I liked and respected him, and I feel the edges of the gap he has left reaching over to myself. Our pride, the matchless master gone! What shall we do without him? Who can ever hope to fill his

place? When such a man dies, I feel as if I should like to sit down in a lonely place, and throw ashes on my head."

Hawthorne wrote:

The Scarlet Letter,
The House of the Seven Gables,
Twice Told Tales,
The Snow Image,
The Blithedale Romance,
Mosses from an Old Manse,
The Marble Faun,
Our Old Home,
American Note Books,
Septimius Felton,
Fanshawe,
The Dolliver Romance,
The Wonder Book,
Tanglewood Tales, etc.

No two of Hawthorne's romances were composed in the same place. "The Scarlet Letter" was written in Salem; "The Seven Gables" in Lenox; "The Blithedale Romance" in West Newton; "The Marble Faun" in Italy and England; and the final unfinished ones, "Septimius Felton" and "The Dolliver Romance," at the Wayside, in Concord.

Hawthorne was a diligent reader of the Bible. "And when, sometimes," says Fields, "I would question, in a proof-sheet, his use of a word, he would almost always refer me to the Bible as his authority. It was a great pleasure to hear him talk about the Book of Job, and his

voice would be tremulous with feeling as he sometimes quoted a touching passage from the New Testament."

Hawthorne wrote to his friend Fields, the publisher: "Did not I suggest to you last summer the publishing of the Bible in ten or twelve mo. volumes? I think it would have great success, at least (but as a publisher I suppose this is the very smallest of your cares), it would result in the salvation of a great many souls, who will never find their way to Heaven if they have to learn it from inconvenient editions of the Scriptures now in use. It is very singular that this form of publishing the Bible in single, bulky, or closely-printed volume, should be so long continued. It was adopted, I suppose, as being the universal mode of publication at the time when the Bible was translated. Shakespeare, and the other old dramatists and poets, were first published in the same form; but all of them long since have broken into dozens and scores of portable and readable volumes, and why not the Bible?"

Prominent traits of Hawthorne's character were stern probity and truthfulness. The characteristics which first arrest the attention are imagination and reflection, and these are exhibited with remarkable power and activity in tales and essays, the style of which is distinguished for great simplicity and tranquility. He is original in invention, construction, and expression, always picturesque, and sometimes in a high degree dramatic. Many of his favorite scenes and traditions are those of his own country, some of which he has made classical by the beautiful

associations he has thrown around them. Everything to him is suggestive, as his own pregnant pages are to the congenial reader. All his productions are life mysteries, significant of profound truths. His speculations, often bold and striking, are presented with singular force, but with such a quiet grace and simplicity as not to startle until they enter in and occupy the mind. The gayety with which his pensiveness is occasionally broken seems more than anything else in his words to have cost him effort. The gentle sadness, the "half acknowledged melancholy" of his manner and reflections are more natural and characteristic. His style is studded with the most poetical imagery, and marked in every part with the happiest grace of expression, while it is calm, chaste, flowery and transparent as water.

Griswold writes: "There is a habit among nearly all the writers of imaginative literature of adulterating the conversations of the poor with barbarisms and grammatical blunders, which have no more fidelity than elegance. Hawthorne's integrity, as well as his exquisite taste, prevented him from falling into this error. Some one says, 'There is not in the world a large rural population that speaks its native language with a purity approaching that with which the English is spoken by the common people of New England. The people of England and low comedians put vulgar words and phrases into the mouths of New Englanders, which do them great injustice. We are glad to see a writer whose works are going down to the next ages as a

representation of national manners and characteristics in all respects.”

Here and there idle gossips have hinted of skeletons in the Hawthorne closets, but no one possessing any considerable acquaintance with Hawthorne ever gave these hints the slightest attention. Hawthorne's life was as pure and transparent as his own matchless English prose style, and, despite his shyness and retiring ways, he was at heart as manly as the best, and he had absolutely nothing to conceal. He was one of the most truthful men of our age—as truthful as Carlyle or Lord Byron—and his life was as stainless as it was truthful.

When writing the “House of the Seven Gables,” he said: “Sometimes, when tired of it, it strikes me that the whole is an absurdity from beginning to end, but the fact is, in writing a romance, one is always, or ought to be, careening on the utmost verge of an absurdity, and the skill lies in coming as close as possible without actually tumbling over.”

While in England, Hawthorne took the responsibility of publishing Miss Bacon's singular book on Shakespeare. She was much incensed at him, and broke off all correspondence with him in a storm of wrath because he did not have any faith in her theory. It was a heavy weight for him, for he paid out of his own pocket all the expense of publication.

Mr. Bright, of England, upon hearing of Hawthorne's death, wrote to his son: “I always felt that I was in a presence in which nothing that was impure, base or selfish could

breathe at ease. Justice has never been done your mother; of course, she was overshadowed by *him*, but she was a singularly accomplished woman, with a great gift of expression, and a most sympathetic nature; she was, too, an artist of no mean quality. Her notes in England and Italy contain much that is valuable, and much that is beautifully written." Mrs. Hawthorne died in England in 1871.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne had three children. The oldest, Una, died in an Episcopal convent, where she was engaged in works of mercy, and was buried by the side of her mother, in Kensel Green Cemetery, England. The other daughter, Rose, married a Mr. Lathrop, of New York. One son, Julian, who is a writer of growing reputation and power, and of whose work, "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," some one said, "That no biographical work had appeared since Boswell's Johnson of more importance and historical interest." I was never more interested and entertained with any novel than with these two delightful volumes. The *London Times* says: "It must be admitted that upon the shoulders of Julian Hawthorne has descended in no small degree the mantle of his more illustrious father." The *Academy* says: "Mr. Julian Hawthorne has more powerful imagination than any contemporary writer of fiction. He has the very uncommon gift of taking hold of the reader's attention at once, and the still more uncommon gift of maintaining his grasp when it is fixed." I had a correspondence with Julian Hawthorne, and have been greatly helped by him in preparing this paper.

PRISONERS;

How Prepared for Discharge and for Citizenship.

JUDGE M. D. FOLLETT.

IN this paper I have freely used my own and other material, wherever found. In February last, one of our dailies said of the penitentiary: "Eighty-nine prisoners will be discharged during the month beginning February 10." On February 28, 1885, P. M., there were in the Ohio Penitentiary fourteen hundred and eighty-four prisoners, of whom there were, on

First commitment	1,244	
Second commitment	185	
Third commitment	38	} Having been in our penitentiary or some other prison.
Fourth commitment	12	
Fifth commitment	4	
Sixth commitment	1	
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Total	1,484	

Of first commitment, 83.16 per cent; recommitments, 16.84 per cent.

It is estimated that in the United States there are not less than 250,000 discharged prisoners; and that from all our prisons there go out annually 100,000 persons.

Both statesmen and philanthropists ask, what *should* be done and what *can* be done with these persons—so large in number and so dangerous in character? Can hard tasks and severe punishments prepare convicts to be good citizens?

In A. D. 1704, Pope Clement XI. wrote in marble and placed in the wall of the prison of St. Michael, in Rome, "Parum est improbos coercere poena, nisi bonos efficias disciplina"—"It is of little use to restrain criminals by punishment, unless you reform them by education." And in 1857, in the Supreme Court of Ohio, in *Robbins vs. The State*, 8 O. S., p. 174, Chief Justice Bartley says: "The legitimate *purpose* of criminal punishment being the *safety* of the community and its individual members, by preventing the commission of crime, it is the duty of government to endeavor to reform rather than to exterminate offenders; and experience has taught that the objects of the criminal law are better attained by *moderate* but *certain* than by *severe* and *excessive* penalties."

Montesquieu said, "Every punishment which does not arise from absolute necessity is tyrannical;" and Marquis Beccaria said, "Every act of authority of one man over another, for which there is not an absolute necessity, is tyrannical." If these be true—and who denies their truth?—the greater part of punishment in all past time has been tyrannical, and not only enlightened Europe, but our own land, has been, and is, suffering by reason of the innocent made criminals, and of prisoners wronged and tortured

through the practical working of unwise criminal laws and prison discipline, and through the cruelty and greed of those who administer the laws and control prisoners for private ends and gain. But a new era has commenced. The influence of Dr. Bray, Pope Clement XI., Bishop Butler, Blackstone, John Howard, Dr. E. C. Wines, and many others, has been felt.

Crime has been studied, in its nature, its motives and its effects. Criminals have been studied, as to their origin, surroundings and education, their lives, and the motives that led to their criminal acts.

It has been found that the criminal may be such, at first, by force of circumstances, because weak, because in want, by desire to aid a brother, a widowed mother, a sick sister, child or wife, or perhaps by wish to get back what has been unjustly taken, or peradventure by a determination to avenge the wrongs of self, a sister or a wife, as well as because of depravity, ungovernable passion, and deep-rooted malice of heart.

In many a criminal it has been found that the whole is not corrupt. There still lived within him much of a noble man that might be quickened, improved, and, with the active energies of the will, with superhuman help, could control and direct the after-life of a true and upright man, and a useful citizen of the State.

This fact has been proved many a time, and living examples of this proof have been shown in Italy, in Spain, in France, in several States of Germany, in England, and

Scotland, and Ireland, in Russia, also; and in Australia, and in several of these United States, including Ohio.

Protestant, Catholic, Greek and Scientist have each borne witness to this truth, and united in its demonstration.

Crime degrades. The commission of criminal acts degrades the man and weakens his better faculties. Often the criminal has sunk so low that of himself he cannot exercise right self-control.

In the perpetration of the criminal act he struck a blow at good government, and lost his claim to good citizenship, and his arrest, trial, conviction and punishment should seek, not only to punish the crime and to stop further criminal acts, and thus to protect society, but all these should be so conducted as, if possible, to *secure the separation* of the man from the crime, and to lessen the number of criminals, and to restore to the ranks of good citizens a man able and willing, by his acts and by his life, to protect society in its highest interests.

So far this desired end has not been fully attained; and *why?*

Call up before you, if possible, the jails and the prisons of our land, and call to mind our criminal jurisprudence and prison discipline. Gather into one vast exposition the places of detention, and the places of punishment, and of reform. Look into them, and through them, and study the prison discipline and the prisoner, whether in workshop, quarry, cell or dungeon, and the *reasons of failure* will be manifest, and no further reasons *why* need be sought.

If the best interests of society and of the criminal are sought by and through the treatment of the criminal, there must be provided proper *places* of detention, for labor, reflection, teaching, and moral instruction; and also for the prisoner to show, by gradual self-control, the virtue and manhood that prove him worthy of freedom, of confidence and of citizenship.

To-day Ohio has but few places that could be called proper places, either for detention or for imprisonment—and Ohio is in advance of a majority of her sister States.

Many of her jails and prisons are moral nuisances—nurseries of crime. The keepers of most of them will tell you, as once the keeper of the Hamilton county jail told me there, “No person was ever made better by being here; but the bad have been made worse in here, and some who were innocent when put in here have been led into a life of crime by being here.” No comment is needed; and what county in Ohio can give a better report? There are some counties.

But I am now told that a change—a great improvement—has taken place in Hamilton county jail since that statement was made, and that the Bench in Cincinnati had much to do in causing that improvement. The Bench and Bar of Ohio are not clear in this matter.

And, in this regard, and as to prison discipline, discharge of prisoners, and their subsequent treatment, is not the same true of our legislatures and executive departments, and of our churches, and of every citizen? Who is clear

in these matters? Yet much has been done, and much remains to be done.

Proper punishment will do justice to the accused and to the criminal. Now, our laws furnish no adequate redress or compensation to the innocent man who is arrested, is compelled to leave his family in want and suffering, is put into jail with criminals, is treated like a criminal, and at the end of months, or perhaps of years, the door is opened, and he is turned out to beg his way home, or do worse, and to smart under his wrongs unavenged. How long shall such things be?

The *end* and *object sought* by punishment, and the *idea* of the same that is *impressed* upon the *prisoner*, has much to do with his reform.

Idleness or ease is not desired; but experience has shown that no criminal has been made better simply by suffering or harsh treatment, or when the greed and gain of the *contractor* is known to be the power that drives to privation, to hard toil and suffering, to loss of health, and even to death. But proper punishment, *severe* and *hard* to endure, may be so adjusted with *hope*, a prospect of lighter punishment, and ultimate comparative freedom, that the criminal will voluntarily try to use his best efforts to work his way from privation and hard usage, through grades of comparatively lighter punishment, to almost full liberty and self-control. When the prisoner is made to understand that the severity of his punishment, as well as its duration, is in his own control, that he may *earn* better

food, better clothing, better treatment, his will, his assent is gained, and he works with active energy to secure these desirable things.

The prisoner is thus taught that bad conduct does not pay—that good conduct brings its rewards—and he gains self-control, and becomes better and stronger, morally, with each day's experience.

Look at a few cases of experience reported:

Fifty years ago, at Munich, Bavaria, Counselor Von Obermaier was appointed Director of the State Prison. *There* were imprisoned the worst classes of convicts, sent there for terms from eight years to that of life. There were more than six hundred prisoners in the worst state of insubordination and chronic revolt. The prisoners were chained together in gangs, and attached to each was an iron weight, which the strongest found difficulty in dragging. The guard consisted of one hundred soldiers, who did duty in every part of the premises, even in the workshops and dormitories. Twenty to thirty bloodhounds were let loose at night in the passages and courts, to keep watch and ward.

Von Obermaier *immediately* lightened the chains and weights. The dogs and nearly all the guards were dispensed with. The prisoners were treated so justly and with such genuine Christian regard, that their confidence was won, their will gained, and their co-operation secured in the work of their *own improvement*. Prisoners of the best character were substituted, as overseers in the work-

shops, for officers from outside. If a prisoner transgressed a regulation, his comrades would say to him, "It is forbidden," and it rarely happened that he did not yield to this admonition. Numerous workshops were established, and many trades taught, and, beyond their support, all their earnings belonged to themselves. The number of reformations effected under this system was something extraordinary. Few, comparatively, relapsed.

Also, take the case of Mettray, near Tours, in France, established over forty years ago by M. Demetz, for juvenile delinquents. The result is that less than *five per cent.* return to crime; all the rest become honest, industrious, useful members of society.

From A. D. 1835 to A. D. 1850, a period of fifteen years, an experiment in prison discipline, of extraordinary boldness and success, was conducted by Colonel Montesinos, an officer of the Spanish army, at Valentia, Spain. The average number of prisoners under his care was one thousand. Prior to his incumbency the system had been one of stern coercion, and the mean proportion of relapses had been from thirty-five to forty per cent., and recommitments had run up to fifty, sixty and seventy per cent. Gradually for this coercive discipline he substituted a discipline by moral forces. One by one he introduced new trades, till the number practiced amounted to forty-three, and he allowed each prisoner to choose the trade he would learn.

One-fourth of the profits of their labor was given to the prisoners for their immediate use, one-fourth was reserved

to be paid to them on their discharge, and only the remaining half went to the establishment. So great was the stimulus to industry, supplied by a participation in their earnings, that the moiety left, after appropriating one-half to the prisoners, sufficed for all expenses, without a dollars' aid from the Government.

Now, what was the effect of this system as regards relapses? For the first two years no impression was made; the proportion of recommitments remained as before. Aggregating the results for the next ten years of his administration, not more than *one per cent.* returned to a life of crime; and during the last three years, *not a solitary man*, who had been subjected to the discipline of this prison, came back to it.

Does this seem wonderful to any? After such proof the greater wonder is that we and all others have not adopted this system.

Colonel Montesinos seized those great principles which the Creator has impressed upon the human soul, and moulded them to his purpose. He aimed to develop manhood, not to crush it; to gain the will, not to coerce the body; to secure the co-operation of the prisoner by kindness, not to awaken his hostility by harshness and severity. He acted upon his men not only by urging them to self-control, self-discipline, and self-reformation, but he gave them an interest in these great attainments. He encouraged and enabled them to raise their position, step by step, by their own industry and good conduct. And finally he

discharged them before the expiration of their sentences—and the *hope* of this was ever kept before them—when he had satisfied himself that *they desired to do well*; that they had acquired the *power* and the *will* to *earn* an honest living; and that they had attained to such a degree of self-command as to say “*No*” to the tempter.

In A. D. 1840, Alexander Maconochie, a captain in the British navy, commenced an experiment in prison discipline in the penal colony of Norfolk Island, Australia, which unhappily was terminated in A. D. 1844, but within that brief period of four years moral transformations were wrought which seemed little less than miracles. At that time Norfolk Island contained 1,500 convicts, of the very worst classes sent out from the mother country, England.

He saw clearly that, as regards criminals, the best service to society is to *reform* them, and he saw that they could not be reformed against their own consent, nor without their free personal co-operation. The problem was, *how* to *secure* these essential conditions.

He asked, what is the fundamental force which, in free society, stimulates men to industry, order, virtue and piety? It is *hope*—hope of a living, hope of wealth, hope of influence, hope of ease, hope of the respect and love of their fellows, hope of forgiveness, hope of heaven. The form which this hope usually takes in free life is wages, or money, and that which money procures.

Maconochie devised a system of *marks*, whose operation in prison should be similar to that of wages outside. And

his plan proposed to substitute for sentences, measured by time, so many hundred or so many thousand good marks, to be *earned*, as the sole condition of release, by diligence, study and general good conduct. He thus placed the fate of the prisoner measurably in his own hands. This brings into play, and enlists on the side of reformation, all the motives which act on men in free society, as stimulants to order, industry and good morals. A certain proportion of these good marks must go to supply his daily food, clothing, bed, schooling, etc., so that the *surplus* only of his earnings—the savings, so to speak—counted toward his release.

It is seen at a glance that if the prisoner failed to earn a surplus, either by falling below the maximum, or by expending all he earned, he became, by his own act and choice, a prisoner for life; whereas, by denying himself little comforts and luxuries, the hour of liberty—the sweetest possession of man—was constantly approaching, and with comparative rapidity.

Now, what benefit did Maconochie get from this system? First, his marks supplied him with a body of willing and progressively skilled laborers. Next, they gave him fines, which saved him from the necessity of imposing brutal and demoralizing punishments. Then they furnished school fees and also bail bonds.

He applied the inflexible rule of "nothing for nothing." He made the discipline of the prison, as much as possible, like the discipline of Providence in free life. The prisoners, like free citizens, were thus made to depend for every

necessary and comfort on their own industry and personal deserts, while their prison offenses were restrained by penalties free from every element calculated to embitter or degrade them.

What were the results? Reformations were effected to an extent and of a character unknown before or since in any of the penal colonies of Great Britain. Many witnesses attest "that he found the island a turbulent, brutal hell; he left it a peaceful, well-ordered community." These well attested cases furnish ample proof.

The Irish system, or the Crofton system, as it is called from Sir Walter Crofton, chief director of the Irish convict prisons, is a step in advance. It seeks through moral agencies to bring the will of the prisoner into accord with the will of the keeper, and to hold it there so long that virtue becomes a habit. There are three stages: 1. Separate confinement at labor for eight or nine months. 2. A reformatory stage of unequal duration. 3. A probationary stage to prove the prisoner, and then conditional liberation on ticket-of-leave.

In the United States we have had some strong proofs of the power of this system of prison discipline.

Some twelve years ago all the female convicts in the Indiana Penitentiary were put under the direction of Mrs. Sarah J. Smith, a philanthropic Quakeress, and friend of the noted Mrs. Fry, of England, for the purpose of again testing this prison discipline. Marked success has proved its wisdom.

There are some two hundred women and girls — about fifty in the Penitentiary and one hundred and fifty in the Girls' Reformatory. Eight women assistants are all that are required to control and teach these prisoners, and severe punishments and privations are unknown.

Every prisoner is required to perform certain useful work. The grades of punishment are the wash-tub, the ironing room, the sewing and knitting room, and the most severe punishment the Superintendent can inflict is separate confinement on bread and water, in a sun-lighted room, until the prisoner says, "I will do what I should." The managers say, "Our experience being that, on *women* the dark cell has a hardening, rather than a reformatory tendency." The clear sun-light mellows the hardened heart. The official report shows that seventy-five per cent. of those discharged from the penal department, and eighty per cent. of those discharged from the reformatory department, are so reformed that on release they lead reputable lives.

Nine and eight years ago, two prisons for adult prisoners were started on this new system — one for men, at Elmira, in the State of New York, and one for women, at Sherborn, in the State of Massachusetts. In each of these very satisfactory results have been obtained.

The general system of each is the same. The laws and regulations governing every department, and every grade of conduct that may be found, are carefully written out, and must be obeyed and followed; or *one man* should embody them in himself,

The prison is composed of three or four divisions, and numbered from four to one. Grade *four* has a separate division of cells or rooms, small and meagerly furnished. The occupant of these has a coarse dress, plain food served in the cell, and has very few privileges. The discipline here is strict, and strictly enforced.

Grade three has better rooms, and they are better furnished. The occupant has better dress and food, and more privileges.

Grade two is an advance on grade three.

Grade one has larger and better rooms, more light and better furnished. The occupant of this will be differently clothed, and have the hair and clothing more at will ; will have better food, served in a separate dining room ; still freer intercourse with friends and each other ; may be admitted to the reading-room, the reception-room, and have other opportunities for special instruction.

Prisoners in the first grade may be employed in responsible service. From this grade *only* will any be paroled or released. Bad conduct here may subject the offender to transfer to either grade, or to other penalty.

Prisoners, when received, are not put into the lowest grade, or into the highest grade, but are placed in the next to the lowest grade—into grade two or or three. A fixed minimum of perfect conduct in grade three secures admission into grade two, and a longer fixed minimum of perfect conduct in grade two will secure admission to grade one, and only from grade one will persons be taken, from time

to time, to be paroled or released. Idleness and bad conduct puts one back into a harder grade.

Each prisoner has a book containing a printed explanation of the mark system used, and of the grades, and showing the state of his account on the first of every month, or oftener if desired. The aim is to reform the prisoner, and to test the prisoner's reformation, power of self-control, and ability to resist temptation, and to train him for a considerable period under natural conditions, and so to prepare him for full freedom, by the enjoyment of partial freedom, as a preliminary step. Thus the prisoner is induced to become an agent in his own reformation. Until this is done no progress is made; but with this, and the hope of discharge, and of respect and esteem beyond it, the prisoner often works with alacrity and cheerfulness.

Col. Z. R. Brockway, who is at the head of the Reformatory Prison at Elmira, in New York, where they discharge and parole from two hundred and fifty to three hundred persons per year, and after an average confinement of only thirteen months each, in answer to my question, *can you tell when* a prisoner is *prepared* to be discharged, and will probably live a good citizen, and, if so, *how* do you know? said: "*Yes, I can tell by experience and daily watching and study of the individual, just as one tells when a pear or peach has grown to maturity and ripened, or knows when the bud has gradually opened and has become the full flower.*"

The prisoner must pass through a certain physical, men-

tal and moral discipline. He must practice and study the facts and laws of—first, causation; second, abiding purpose; third, continuance; fourth, self-control; fifth, self-respect; sixth, self-support; seventh, and he thus grows intellectually and morally to a *new creature*, and has *new concepts*—in fine, is no longer a *criminal*, but a *new man*, with new desires, new powers and new hopes.

Thus society is carefully guarded against the return, to any community, of confirmed criminals or others likely to fall again into crime; and the criminal has new moral power and new hopes, and becomes partly, if not wholly, “clothed and in his right mind.”

For this work there is need of men and women who believe that the prisoners may be reformed; who desire such reformation, and are willing to labor for it; who understand the moral powers needed, and the methods by which such powers are secured and applied; and then, study and experience are essential to enable them wisely and most successfully to discharge their duties.

Our punishments may prove it to be a dreadful thing to be in prison, but they greatly fail if the object be not to train men and reform them, to make them fit to live in society. The *man* should be eliminated from the criminal class, and made a good citizen, self-supporting and self-respecting. With proper laws, proper prisons, proper systems, and, above all, the right men and women in the right places (and all these, if earnestly desired, we may have), then we should have proper punishment and more reforma-

tion, and far less of crime and criminals, with less expense. But when the prisoner is told that he is free, and he may go forth from the prison, how shall he go? Alone, or with some friend, who wisely desires his good?

Across the street and opposite the front gate of the Ohio Penitentiary stands an open door inviting the discharged prisoner again to turn aside; past which door, without entering, perhaps not one-half of those just discharged are able to go.

If alone, and no sting of injustice received rankles within, he may have strength to pass by the first temptation and to leave Columbus; but where can he find a safe refuge? and is it probable that he will be led by Christian virtue? The kindly greeting of an old companion *may* find a ready response from his heart, longing for manly recognition, and may dissipate his feeble resolves and intentions, and hasten him to ruin. In such a crisis, what a power is in the kind look and friendly greeting of a true man, and in the encouraging words of advice from a warm, Christian heart, and in a little aid from the good man's abundance.

On February 7th, A. D. 1776—that memorable year—and in the renowned city of Philadelphia, Richard Wistar, whose residence was near the common jail, spoke to his neighbors of the *misery* of the prisoners; and there resulted the formation of "The Philadelphia Society for Assisting Distressed Prisoners;" the first society of this kind ever formed, and which still lives, fresh and vigorous. Other nations have since formed similar societies.

At least twelve of these United States now have societies to aid liberated prisoners. Massachusetts has a double agency; a "prison society," and an "agent of discharged convicts," who spends his whole time in this work. They work in harmony.

The expense is \$3,500 to \$4,500 per year. The agent's salary is \$1,000. In New York about \$5,500. Not only Ohio, but Columbus alone, could well afford to pay the expenses of such an agent.

This State Agent, in Massachusetts, aided three hundred and twenty-nine in A. D. 1879, three hundred and sixty-two in A. D. 1880, and with marked results in leading to honest lives and good citizenship. Such agencies and societies have persons to visit the prisoner just before discharge, to talk with him, to learn of his desires and intentions as to the future; and, when possible, to secure for the discharged prisoner a place where he can earn an honest living, and have a place among good citizens. Listen to a letter from one of these ex-convicts to the agent:

"After two years experience in the endeavor to obtain an honest living, and having succeeded so well that I am most happy to say that they have been the pleasantest, comfortable, and most profitable two years of my life, I deem it my duty (and I assure you it is a most pleasant one) to acknowledge to you, my benefactor, in such poor manner as written words can express, some faint suggestion of the respect and esteem which I feel towards you. You may have forgotten me entirely, but the memory of the

kind words of brotherly counsel and advice which you gave me one cold day in December, over two years ago, as I came forth from incarceration in the Massachusetts State prison, and when the future looked so discouraging, with no means or friends, is it any wonder that I should for a moment almost have envied the convict in his comfortable quarters at Concord? I repeat that the encouragement of a warm clasp of your hand, your cheerful, reassuring manner towards me, coupled with the more substantial interest shown by supplying me with carpenters' tools, etc., were a help to me that cannot be estimated. And the memory of that transaction will always be recalled by me as the small pebble which changed the whole current of my life. God alone knows what might have been had not you, Mr. Russell, come to my aid at the opportune moment. And in behalf of poor deluded, degraded humanity, I beseech you, and pray God to help you, do for others what you have done for me. I came here immediately with the tools you gave me that cold day; and, following your advice, I went to Mr. W., who hires men. I told him my circumstances and situation; and he, with some reluctance, and I could see with some misgiving, finally hired me as a carpenter. I done the best in my power, and kept sober. Worked for him at good wages for one year and a half. I laid by every dollar I could spare during that time; and, as a result, I had a snug little sum at the end of my first eighteen months to make the first payment for a house of my own. I kept on doing well; and to-day my wife and I

are living comfortable and happy in our own little cottage. I want you, if ever you come to this place, Mr. Russell, to be sure and come and see us. A few words from you at any time would be very gladly received," etc.

Who will say that such aid is not true economy, as well as true philanthropy? It is practical statesmanship.

There are many good plans of work; but there is a plan at work in the State of Wisconsin that puts the discharged prisoner in a position to *compel* respect. They encourage every discharged prisoner to return to the place where he was tried and convicted, and there to announce himself as having returned from prison; and those who wish to enter on a good life make this announcement, and this public announcement, backed by the character that can make it, is regarded there as the one thing which helps discharged persons more than anything else. And many cases are reported who have been discharged, and gone back with the world and become respectable and reputable members of society; and not a single instance is known where any prisoner, who had made a profession of honesty, and told where he came from, has ever been rebuffed. And the Governor of that State has applications for the pardon of certain prisoners in order that they may be employed in different manufacturing establishments in that State, and also in other States.

Colonel Z. R. Brockway commends and practices the same system with persons discharged from the Elmira Reformatory Prison. And Miss Eliza M. Mosher, M. D.,

late Superintendent of "Reformatory Prison for Women," at Sherborn, Mass., writes me, "When our women go to places directly from here, they always tell of their connection with the prison."

Col. George W. Burchard wrote me, January 22, 1885:

"I have the honor to report that there is nothing specially new with us. We continue to advise all hopeful cases among our prisoners to return to their homes at discharge, and our experience shows that they are more readily absorbed into general society *there* than elsewhere, and that the crucial tests, which come to every discharged prisoner, are there most easily overcome. The practice which obtains with us in this regard, and which you are pleased to denominate a 'system,' started some years ago with a special effort for a young man from my own neighborhood. The arguments addressed to persuade him to go to his home, and there, manfully accepting the legitimate results of his crime, patiently rebuild his character and earn anew public confidence and respect, coupled with the signal success which followed his conforming to this advice, led me to believe that possibly this might be the better way in all cases. I have as yet had no occasion to modify this conclusion. * * * Our second commitments come almost invariably from those who could not be persuaded to follow this advice."

The present "Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons" was organized in 1787, and in ninety-eight years has received but six thousand dollars

from the State, but has paid from its own resources over one hundred thousand dollars. It reports:

"Every prisoner is taught a trade. Every man capable of receiving instruction is taught to read, write, cipher, and to work at some honorable calling. If unusual talent or decided bent is shown by a convict, he is aided to pursue special investigations or studies. There are to-day, practicing medicine in this county, three very successful physicians who studied medicine and anatomy within the walls of the penitentiary. They studied the theory in the prison, and were given the chance to receive clinical instruction on leaving the prison. * * * It is thought true economy to aid a man to acquire an art or business by which he can make an honest living."

The prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary, of Pennsylvania, send out to their families annually ten thousand dollars, for their one-half part for extra work. They think the benefits that come to the prisoners and their families from the allowance for extra work cannot be mistaken. While a prisoner feels that each day he can contribute a small sum for the assistance of his wife and children, and they know that some of their comforts are derived from the absent husband and father, the ties that bind the family are kept alive. The released prisoner finds at his home a welcome, and this is one strong inducement to reform. Extra work is a great reformer in many cases. Its influence is always for good. They say that in this Eastern penitentiary there have been not over two committed the

second time in a period of twelve years. Yet there are many recommittals of those discharged from other prisons.

Hear, also, from the Maryland Prisoners' Aid Association: "In Baltimore, during the year 1875, they had 14,130 commitments to the city jail; in 1883 only 7,782; showing a difference of 6,346 commitments in these two years, notwithstanding the increase in the population of 100,000 during the time. This marked decrease of commitments may be attributed mainly to the indefatigable efforts of the Association."

This same system has been proved successful in the State of New York, and by many years' experience by Barkwell Baker, Esq., an old English Esquire of wealth and power, of Hardwick Court, in Glostershire, England. This honest and open dealing carries with it success.

Mr. Baker thinks it should be impressed upon the discharged prisoner that "the punishment received is no payment of their debt to society, * * * but that they may atone for the wrong and regain their character more or less by a long course of steady conduct in the sight of men who know them.

"It was once deemed best that a discharged prisoner should go to some place where he was not known, and while concealing the truth and evading the natural and proper punishment of his offense, build up a good name and character. This proved a mistake. Even where the truth was not discovered, the man felt that he was obtaining employment under false pretenses, and was unhappy

through dread of discovery, or, which had a worse effect upon him, became callous to deceit.

"The system of truthfulness saves a discharged prisoner from imposition from old associates.

"When such a man has gained the esteem of his employer, and is highly trusted, and then is recognized by some rascal who knows his history and threatens to reveal it and demands hush money, the poor wretch is entirely in the rascal's power, and may be driven, first to give up every dollar he has saved, and then to plunder his employer to any extent to prevent the *truth* from being known. Had not the truth been concealed he would have been safe." He says, "We believe that the punishment of imprisonment, though indispensable until we can find a better substitute, is unnatural, weakening, degrading, and costly; that the natural punishment of feeling the loss of character for a time, and struggling to regain the confidence of society is healthful, strengthening, and ennobling, besides being costless; and that it is, therefore, much to be desired that we should use the former as little, and the latter as much as we reasonably can."

"It is true that there are many who object to employing discharged prisoners, and though we may regret this objection, we have no right to deceive them or allow them to be deceived; but there are quite enough employers who either from kindly feeling, or for the sake of slightly lower wages, are willing to take such men, and the police can find out with little trouble where to place any one who can not

find work for himself. The public appear to appreciate being fairly dealt with, and many are willing to employ a discharged prisoner with a full knowledge of his character, who would have turned one off who was found to have obtained employment without stating the truth. On the whole, in six years' experience, we can recommend the consideration of the measure to other counties."

The power of this honest system is seen in London, England, where it was claimed that no man *known* to have been in prison could find honest employment, and where the police were instructed to take the greatest care not to let the truth be known. "In 1864, however, Mr. Murray Browne took the management of the Discharged Prisoner's Relief Society in that city (for short sentence men), and, from the first, determined not to place out any man without making known his antecedents. During the first, and all the eight years in which he retained the management, although above five hundred men each year were sent to him, there was not one for whom he was unable to find a sufficient place of work, and up to the present time the work has been carried on with equal success by those who followed him."

Mr. Baker adds, "England will not for much longer endorse a system of simple punishment as the only or chief means of preventing crime. In our own county of Gloucester, the daily average of convicts in prison has decreased to an extraordinary extent. In 1844 we had room for eight hundred and sixty prisoners (in seven gaols of county,

city, and borough), and we were told that we should soon find this not enough. We have now shut up or pulled down six gaols out of the seven, and for the year 1881 the average number of prisoners was only one hundred and thirty-one," notwithstanding the great increase in population.

A few days since, Daniel Russell, the Massachusetts State Agent, wrote me as follows:

"I find that in dealing with discharged prisoners, that there must be as little theorizing as possible; in fact, there must be none—plain, practical, common sense is what is needed. There are no two discharged prisoners that you can deal with in the same manner. What you would do for one to-day, perhaps you would have to do directly opposite to-morrow. The way I can get them best is by seeing each one before his discharge; become somewhat acquainted with him a short time before his discharge; get as much of his history as I can—his early life *if possible*. Then when he calls at my office after his discharge, I can place myself right in his position (inwardly), and ask myself *what I should need* to make me an honest man? What would benefit me most to enable me to earn an honest living, and how should I want to be addressed and treated, if I had just come from a prison.

"That is the only true way, I find, whereby any one can get right at the heart and feelings of a discharged prisoner. They are all susceptible to kindness, but with all the kindness you must be very firm, making as few promises as possible, but whenever a promise is made, it should never

be broken if you wish to keep his confidence, and have him respect you. * * * Plain practical work, with as few committees and as few officers, and as little noise about the thing as possible, does the most good. The majority of that class of men don't like too much publicity. When first released from prison they are terribly suspicious of everyone."

And through such instrumentalities the number of recommitments has been reduced from forty, fifty, sixty and even seventy per cent., to as low as ten, six, five and one per cent., and less, as reported by the officers in charge.

There were received into the Ohio Penitentiary:

COMMITMENT.	1880.	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.
First commitment. .	507	482	589	552	644
Second " ..	64	62	87	75	64
Third " ..	10	15	17	11	14
Fourth " ..	4	4	2	5	4
Fifth " ..	2	1	2	2	1
Sixth " ..	1- 81	0- 82	0-108	0- 93	1- 84
Totals	588	564	697	645	728
Per cent. first com	86.22	85.46	84.50	85.58	88.53
P'r ct. recommitments	13.78	14.54	15.50	14.42	11.47

These Prisoners' Aid Societies have done much in lessening crime and the number of criminals, by looking up and caring for the families of those arrested for crime and those imprisoned.

Few know the sorrows of the wife and children of the man charged with crime, who is locked in jail. The heart of the wife, and the sports and joys of the children, are also locked up. What sadness and suffering is there, even if the neighbors continue to be friendly. But when the neighbors are friends no longer, the grave would often be welcomed by those innocent and fear-stricken children and mothers. I need not describe them; you know them in every county and town in Ohio.

Many a time by the charity of the members of these Prisoners' Aid Societies, and the charity of others, has the *home* of the prisoners been kept from suffering, from vice, from the criminal's cell; kept together and kept pure, ready for the *reformed* husband and father, when proper punishment and a purer charity shall have led him to admit and know that "virtue is better than vice," and a *pure home* is the safest retreat of a weak and erring man. But from the ranks of the *habitual criminals* we need not expect many good citizens to come. The habitual criminal is one who makes crime his business and occupation; and the fact that he is such has been established by repeated convictions.

When such are released from confinement, their names should be enrolled, and their whereabouts and business should be known, at least to the officers of police.

Police supervision in England is said to be so thorough that out of more than twelve hundred habitual criminals under such supervision in the city of London, not more than thirty, on an average, are out of reach of the police daily; and their means of livelihood, occupation, habits, etc., are fully known to the police.

Such a system of supervision must tend materially to diminish crime, and aid in adding to the number of good citizens. And by these methods the character of every discharged person would be known to the community, or to the police, so that when reform is not possible, a circuspect walk may be enforced.

Thus, to my mind, this difficult and important problem is rightly solved through the principles of true Christian statesmanship, and thus only is it completely solved.

When we use the best prison discipline the prisoner is known, and if he can be led to good citizenship, some friend should be ready to offer him honest labor and a chance to develop and strengthen his moral power until he has self control and becomes a useful citizen. We have shown ample proof of this power and its noble results; our indifference should not prevent Ohio and Columbus from enjoying its rich and enduring fruits,

AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

J. C. HANNA.

A QUOTATION is sometimes made from Martial, the old Latin writer of epigrams, as follows: "Ride, si sapis," *i. e.*, "Laugh, if you are wise;" and though the motto seems hardly congruous with the history of that stern people whose deeds show us that, just as the Portuguese can do nothing great, so the Romans could do nothing small; though the very aqueducts of their provincial towns in Gaul were gigantic, and still stand like the everlasting hills; though when we think of Rome, Marius and Cæsar and Cato and Brutus stand forth with no hint of a smile upon their countenances—still the motto of old Martial, "Laugh, if you are wise," was both laughing and wise, and certainly laughing was better business than proscribing noblemen, or slaughtering the Nervii among the hills of France, or even than turning "thumbs down" to decide the fate of fallen gladiators.

It was Bolingbroke who said, "I have observed that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So

in this Farce of Life wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst only fools are serious."

If this be true, then the theme, "American Humorists," which has been assigned to me, is not one to be ashamed of, for it will call the reader and searcher into fields the most inviting, into examining the life and works of the greatest men in American literature—works which accurately and sympathetically reflect Humanity, and which, as Hamlet said wisely of the players, and at least as truthfully as has been said of the modern newspapers, are "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time."

Pope, who has said so many things in a better way than anybody else, and in a form that can be remembered, thus defined wit:

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed,
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of the mind."

I have neither time nor inclination, for which you will thank your stars, to enter into elaborate definitions of wit and humor—for these I would respectfully refer you to such noted writers as Aristotle, Dryden and Montaigne, Locke, Voltaire, Addison and Pope, Hazlett, Lamb and Sydney Smith: nor to split hairs in telling the difference between wit and humor—for there is none: nor to give biographical sketches of all or any of the American humorists—the encyclopædias furnish that information in acces-

sible form; nor to weary you with very long quotations from this or that author.

My purpose is merely to trace briefly the growth of American humorous literature; to present some of the influences which have made it what it is, and a few of the special phases which have been manifested at various times and in various places; to speak a little more fully of some three or four who are recognized as the best of American humorists, and to point out, if I can, some of the marked characteristics, good and bad, of American humor.

For there *is* an American humor and there *are* American humorists. Burton, in the preface to his "Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor," says, "The collection" (which he has there made of American humorists) "is a full answer to the whilom scandal of the reviewers as to the lack of geniality in American wit and humor."

There are peculiarities in the humor of different nations, as marked as the geographical peculiarities of their country or as their food.

You may have heard of the Japanese emperor, who died of uncontrollable laughter, caused by hearing that the Americans govern themselves without a king. The idea was so preposterous to him as to be fatally ludicrous.

The Irish bull is as characteristic as the shillelah, and as national as the shamrock. The serious query of the debater, in supporting the superiority of the ancient civilization, "Where will you find a modern building that has

lasted as long as the ancient ones have?" or the delightful toast, "May you live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave!"—these are unmistakably "of the sod."

The feud in Holland, over the question whether the codfish caught the hook, or the hook caught the codfish—a feud which divided that whole nation into parties, and kept it torn by internal strife for generations—caused the rest of the world to hold its sides in laughter, and was as characteristic of the Dutch as their speculative craze in tulip bulbs. •

The Englishman roars over Punch, the Frenchman laughs at the spirit of Charivari, the American relishes Bill Nye, as well as Saxe. France hardly has a humor, but rather wit and farcical scenes, and what they call *esprit*. In Spain fun is frozen by pomposity. Humor disdains haughtiness, and it required "Don Quixote" to kill chivalry. The humor of Germany is pervaded by a supernatural presence, a ghostly spirit, and always an evil spirit: it is the devil himself, who robbed Peter Schlemihl of his shadow. In Italy hardly more than in Spain does humor flourish. Either tragedy or buffoonery prevails.

As "Sunset" Cox has put it, "Humor likes free soil, full play, no formalities, no starch and buckram." In the old Roman Saturnalia, when once in a year they did unbend their dignity, masters were degraded from their authority, servants were privileged to mock them, and the Lord of Misrule held full sway.

Hence, it is specially in the Saxon lands that humor

doth most abound, and hath since Chaucer's merry tales, and since Shakespeare's clowns and Dogberrys, and even Lord Polonius himself.

Since "the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him that *hears* it," it is true that American humor, developing from this Anglo-Saxon stock, and combining all the qualities of all the nations without reserve or check upon its extravagant freedom, must flourish most fully and freely. Hence, American humor has been described as the humor of the pure comical intention—a slashing humor, which will sacrifice feeling, interest, sociality, philosophy, romance, art and morality for its joke; an over-riding, towering humor that will one day make fun of all the rest of the world, not forgetting itself. This is rather sweeping, but one is reminded of the prefatory note to Mark Twain's latest book:

"Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot."

The frontispiece of Parton's "Humorous Poetry" contains seven portraits of the princes of humor. The center-piece is the great Chaucer, "well of English unde filed." Of the other six, three are Englishmen—Hood, Barham and Thackeray, and three are Americans—Saxe, Holmes and Lowell.

The capacity of Americans to appreciate the truly humorous is by no means inferior to that of their English

cousins, and the typical sour-visaged Yankee, of the conventional novel or drama, with no mellowness in his voice and no humor in his soul, is a fabrication. The *real* American, says one, is as ready for a laugh as for a speculation, as fond of a joke as of an office.

This sense of humor is widespread, and is not confined to a little coterie of literary wits; the whole nation sometimes appears to be on the broad grin. Whether it be the portly legislator cracking a joke to be caught by the interviewer, or the bootblack in the rear "guying" him by burlesque pomposity; whether it be the silver-tongued witty divine illustrating his theme by apt illusion or anecdote, or the cartoonist who caricatures his peculiarities; whether it be the "poet of the breakfast table," or the cowboy of the plains; whether it be the business man with his advertising conundrum, or the rough railroader trying the latest "gag" on his companions; whether it be the grayhaired sire chuckling over the last Puck or Spoopendyke, or his six-year old grandchild singing the freshest comic song; whether it be Ben Butler brushing away his opponent in Congressional debate with a "Shoo Fly," or the side-splitting end man who catches the gallery gods, and some other gods not in the galleries, with his rendering of "Sweet Evalina" or "Climbing up de Golden Stair," whatever the occasion, the sense of humor is as universal among Americans as was the critical taste in that Athenian commonwealth which hissed from the stage an actor who tripped in the meter of the "Antigone" or

the "Medea." Something of this is shared by the English, to whom we are in so many points closely kin. It is related that the English soldiers, during the Crimean war, when repulsed at the Redan, and driven by the Russian bayonets helter skelter, heels-over-head into the trenches, tumbled in, even over the mangled and the dead, amidst roars of laughter.

In very many American writers there are glimpses or gleams of true humor—in the works of many, who are by no means ordinarily classed as humorists. We shall notice this fact again further on.

The historical development of American humor is an interesting study. It reveals in a striking way the development and various modifications of American character, and the progress of our civilization.

"Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books and principles with times."

Therefore, if Pope wrote truly, the peculiarities—the characteristics of American humor are consequent upon the development and growth of the American character as affected largely by the climate into which European colonists came.

The very earliest specimen of humorous writing on this side of the water, that I have been able to find, is that entitled "The Merry Song of the Maypole," composed at the setting up of a Maypole at Merry Mount, in 1625, by a scapegrace lawyer, named Thomas Morton, whose loose-

ness of life and character, together with the gayeties attendant upon this frivolous affair of setting up a May-pole, provoked much indignant condemnation from the stern 'Puritans of that day. Hawthorne comments upon it—upon this clash between the severity of colonial authorities and customs, and that little effort at gayety, and says, "Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire."

In the serious times of the Stamp Act and the Boston Massacre, the days of Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill, of Germantown and Saratoga, there are streaks and flashes of the true American humor even yet visible to us, for it was in those days that Yankee Doodle and Brother Jonathan were born that Molly Stark and Ethan Allen lived, and even such statesmen and philosophers as John Adams and Benjamin Franklin descended sometimes from their heights of diplomatic gravity, as the diary of the former and the Poor Richard philosophy of the latter testify; though, it is true, the real humorous spirit was partly stifled in the formalities of the Addisonian style.

In 1782 an elaborate humorous poem, entitled "McFingal," by John Trumbull, the burlesque epic of the revolution, was given to the world.

I have found an old book, published in 1806, called "The Spirit of the Public Journals; or, the Beauties of the American Newspapers for 1805," containing the logic, art, philosophy, morality, wit and humor of the day. As an illustration that there is nothing new under the sun, and that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and Hop Bitters, and the like,

are by no means pioneers in the line of panaceas, I will venture to give an extract from this old book, a burlesque advertisement of a patent medicine :

"Ramrod's Essential Tincture of Gridirons ; otherwise called, Nature's Grand Restorative, warranted to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to." Among the testimonials are these, illustrating the delicious extravagance of American humor even in that early day :

"Not long since, riding on the highway, my horse stumbled and fell, and so lamed himself as to be unable to proceed. I *heard* of a phial of the Tincture of Gridiron in the neighborhood, and suddenly found myself at the end of my journey without further trouble."

Another, even more convincing :

"Sometime ago my house was infested with rats, and one day while I sat brooding over my misfortunes, a large number of them suddenly came upon me and ate me up. I instantly took some of the Tincture of Gridiron, and found myself at ease, and have never been eaten since." Certainly that was a better "Rough on Rats" than the pied piper of Hamelin could furnish. If only Southey's Bishop of Hatto had had a bottle of it in his pocket !

In the early part of this century we find American humor, hardly yet national, exemplified in the writings of Irving, Paulding, Halleck and others. Then were produced the characterization of John Bull, the tales of the "Wise Men of Gotham," the story of "Old Father Grimes." From this time on, the various elements which entered

into the hopper of American civilization produced various and widely varying phases of American humor, far more than would be possible in any other modern nation.

Such different elements as the scheming Yankee, the brave, braggart Kentuckian, the cavalier-descended scion of the F. F. V's, the oyster-like Shaker, the strong-minded masculine sister, the Mormon elder, the thieving Pi Ute warrior, the plantation darkey, the lumbermen of the Northern forests, the ignorant and unscrupulous politician, the railroad millionaire, the bonanza senator of the West, the Creole French of Louisiana, the backwoodsman of the Arkansas, the early Dutch of Manhattan and their descendants, the aristocratic Van Huytenspooks of New York; the rude, thrifty Scandinavians of Dakota, the greasers and the village Indians of New Mexico, the swarms of Irishmen hunting for a "fray country," the troops of Germans hunting for free lands, the almond-eyed Mongolians pouring over the Western coast—what a panorama of suggestions in a humorous point of view!

It is hard to make, out of such varying elements, a single, comprehensive, humorous caricature of America, like the unmistakable John Bull of England.

How many complete fields for research spread out before the careful humorist of the future, as well as of the past!

The flush times of speculation in the frontier regions of the West and South afforded themes for such writers as Eggleston, Baldwin, Pike, and others.

The possibilities of character study have been revealed

by Edward Eggleston, in his interesting treatment of what may be called the Hoosier phase of American civilization; and the border-robbers, the itinerant Irish schoolmaster, the circuit-rider, the rude settlers of the frontier; these are all vivid and natural creations.

The contrast between excessive New England "culture" and the rudest form of life and slang heroism among the gentlemen of the far West who are "on the shoot," has been painted in the most vigorous colors by Mark Twain, in such pieces as the description of "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral."

We have all laughed over the plantation philosophy of Uncle Remus, the odd dialect and the weird fairy stories of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, with their shrewd and natural illustrations of human nature. The work of Joel Chandler Harris, in delving into this mine of folk-lore which clusters around the unique civilization of the Southern negroes, is greatly to be commended, and is deeply interesting. It tends to remove the odium attached to the brand-new artificial life of America, and the sneer so often uttered that America has no background, no history, no shadow, nothing but the mechanical present.

What with the Zunis of New Mexico, the Creoles of Louisiana, the moonshiners of the Southern mountains, the mining life of the Rockies, the cowboys of the plains, and a host of other elements in this vast land, its odor of varnish and its color of extreme newness bid fair to disappear.

In a country so huge, under a government and amid social laws so liberal and loose, among elements of civilization so various, it is natural that the wildest religions should have sprung up, in forms at once pitiful and grotesquely ludicrous. One has merely to suggest the Ascensionists or Millerites of fifty years ago; the Shakers and the various plain-dressing sects, scattered in colonies over the land; the loud, noisy campmeeting experiences of the old West, with all their absurdities of shouting, and ignorant preachers, of crazy converts with "the power" upon them, of carousing and fighting upon the outskirts; to say nothing of the preposterous absurdities of the beast of Mormonism—a picture so dark with evil and sorrow that, to the thoughtful eye, the comic tints are almost entirely overshadowed.

What a supremely ludicrous fragment is the famous old sermon of the Hardshell preacher and flatboat captain, with its doleful "Harp of a Thousand Strings, sperrits of just men made perfect!" and how utterly impossible such a creation would be in England, for example!

The growth of city life, and the crowding of so many interests into small space, while developing commerce and art, and education, and crime, and intensifying every part of life, has its comical side, and brings forth phases of humor which would be impossible and unappreciated in a simple, plain, rustic population. Hence the development of the newspaper funny men, to whom we will refer again.

The American stage has possibilities of humor which are

peculiar to the country. Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" is as necessarily American as the story of Irving. Sol Smith and Nat Goodwin, and Colonel Sellers, and the Honorable Bardwell Slote, and the American negro minstrelsy, and many other comical portions of stage life, are as truly the product of American influences as are Holmes and Lowell.

The grandest absurdity in America—the great paradox, a fruitful theme for poet, for novelist, for historian, for orator, for statesmen, for preacher, and none the less for humorist, is the great contradiction of American freedom and American slavery—the great bird of liberty screaming in triumph over a land where one-tenth of the inhabitants toiled in chains and ignorant degradation, and the same "twin relic of barbarism" which furnished food for Whittier's poem, "The Slave Ships," and for Lovejoy's ringing speeches, for Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and for the powerful editorials of Greeley, gave material to James Russell Lowell for the shrewd humor of the "Biglow Papers."

This name introduces us to that list of American humorists of which no people nor age need be ashamed, and it is with pride that we point to the names of Irving, and Holmes, and Saxe, and Lowell, and Bret Harte, names which are at the top as humorists of the highest and truest type.

It must be borne in mind that the leaven of the universal American sense of the humorous, works often in the writings

of nearly all the very best names in our literature. This is a fact that is often overlooked, or not realized. Let me point you to the interesting imaginary correspondence found in Henry James's "The Point of View;" to Phoebe Cary's ridiculous rhymes, "The Lovers;" to the excellent dialect work and detailed portrait painting of Cable; to "The Nantucket Skipper," by James T. Fields; to a sketch here and there of George P. Morris; to various pages in the writings of Richard Henry Dana; to the stories of "Peter Parley;" to such pieces as "Lionizing," or "The Angel of the Odd," by the gloomy author of "The Raven;" to an early comedy or two of that romancer of the red man, Cooper; to Edward Everett's essay on "Shaking Hands," found in the old school readers; to the mingled humor and sentiment in Donald G. Mitchell's "Reveries," and other books; to the latest "Rambles" of Charles Dudley Warner; to delicate points in the studied analyses of W. D. Howells; to such a tale, even by Whittier, as "The Yankee Zincali;" to the "Potiphar Papers," that excellent social satire by George William Curtis; to a sketch here and there of so sober a pen as Horace Greeley's; to William Cullen Bryant's delicate and poetically humorous poem, "The Musquito;" to the scene between John Alden and Priscilla in "Miles Standish;" to a character or two in "The Spanish Student," which come from the pure and gentle Longfellow.

What shall we say of the tragedy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" Is it all tragedy? Has not Mrs. Stowe caught

the true spirit of native humor, as well as reflected the dark scenes of slavery, or the home life of New England? What of "Topsy" and "Sam Lawton," and the minister's setting a turkey? Are these not truly humorous pictures?

We think of N. P. Willis at first as a poet, a critic, a reviewer, a sentimentalist, anything but a humorist; but, in the works of this exceptionally fine mind—which, to the shame of America, were said to be out of print a few years ago—are many things humorous in quality, and conforming to the highest standard of that varying branch of literature. Read his poem on "Love in a Cottage:"

"They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning
By the side of a footstep free!

"But give me a sly flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

"Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—

Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

" True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease,
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel
And shot from a silver string."

May I venture to speak even of Hawthorne, the idol of two nations, the greatest genius in American literature, the most imaginative and subtle romancer in the English language. Let me read you a criticism: "His (that is Hawthorne's) humor has more piquancy and New World flavor than Irving's. To do it justice, however, would demand a close psychological study, so curious and complex were the nature and genius of the man; the nature was a *singular* growth for such a soil, the genius out of keeping with the environment—a New World man, who shrank, like a sensitive plant; from the heat and haste and loudness of his countrymen, and whose brooding mind was haunted by shadows from the past. There was a somber back-ground to his mind or temperament, against which the humor plays more brightly."

"The humor of Washington Irving does not smack strongly of American soil; its characteristics," says a reviewer, "are old English rather than modern Yankee," and one has only to pick up "*Bracebridge Hall*," or the "*Sketch Book*," or almost any of his writings, to find illustrations of this. "In its own mild way, it is akin to the best humor, that which gives forth the fragrance of feeling. It is the loving effluence of a kindly nature whose quiet smiles are more significant, and come from a deeper source than the loudest laughter." The "*Knickerbocker*" is one of the few humorous works of Irving which could not have been written if America had not existed.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is a standing denial of the rule that fat men only are humorous—a negative to those who adduce in support of this proposition Jack Falstaff and Caesar's anxiety concerning "*Yond' Cassius*," with "a lean and hungry look." For genial, kindly, shrewd, sensible good humor, this "*Autocrat*," or "*Poet of the Breakfast Table*," has no superior.

He is better and earlier known to the public by his poems, which, by their genuine, easy and unaffected wit, are unrivalled in our literature. But his wonderful powers are more fully displayed in the series of papers published in the three works, "*The Autocrat*," "*The Poet*," and "*The Professor at the Breakfast Table*." Racy, interesting, brilliant, and worthy to stand beside the best magazine articles of our own country, or of England—in them is illustrated the best and truest humor. The following sentence sums

up the excellencies of this series; it is from a criticism in Cleveland's "Compendium:" "For wit, pathos, profound philosophical speculation, nice descriptive power, keen insight into human nature, aptness and force of illustration, united to great wealth of literary, scientific and artistic knowledge, and all in a style that is a model for the light essay, these papers have given the author a very high rank in American literature." How this paragraph from the "Autocrat" hits the American and Yankee conceit, and exemplifies the exaggeration of American humor: "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow bar."

The "One Hoss Shay" is as good as "John Gilpin," and real American, while quite in the peculiar vein of Thackeray or Hood, or of both combined, are the "Ballad of the Oysterman," and the brief poem called "The Height of the Ridiculous," which I will read:

"I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

"They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

"I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,

To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

“ ‘These to the printer,’ I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
‘There’ll be the devil to pay.’

“ He took the paper and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

“ He read the next; the grin grew broad
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

“ The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

“ Ten days and nights with sleepless eye
I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dare to write
As funny as I can.”

John G. Saxe, his writings, his life and fate, remind one of the story of the doctor, to whom a sad and gloomy man appealed to cure him of melancholy. He said to the man, “Go and see Harlequin, the pantomimist, the funny man. He will cure you of the blues with his jollity;” and the sorrowful man replied, “Doctor, I am Harlequin.” This,

in some senses the best of American humorists, was a victim of melancholy—the other extreme on the scale of human feelings.

In his writings are found epigrams and satire in the style of Swift, or Pope, more than in most American authors—though in *no* American author, let us be thankful, is there that bitterness that pervaded the life and writings of some of those English wits. The cheerfulness of Addison, rather than the bitter mirth of Swift, is present in the works of our authors.

Saxe resembles Hood in his fondness for making elaborate puns in rhyme, and Swift in his elaborate burlesques; his, however, being genial compared with Swift's. Such are his modernized version of the tale of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and the story of Phæthon the son of Phœbus, god of the sun, whose ambition, as Ovid tells us, to drive his father's chariot, cost him his life. It begins thus, in frivolous style :

" Dan Phæthon — so the histories run —

Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun."

The classic spirit of Ovid is delightfully bewitched out of it, as we may see in the protest made by old Phœbus to his ambitious offspring. He says :

" Desist, my child,

The cattle are wild,

And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'

Depend upon't the coach'll be 'spiled.'

Desist, I say,
You'll rue the day,
So mind, and don't be foolish, Pha."

The moral of this poem is exquisite :

" Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,
Nor set it down in your table of forces,
That any one man equals any four horses;
Don't swear by the Styx,
It's one of old Nick's
Diabolical tricks,
To get people into a regular 'fix'
And hold them there 'as tight as bricks.' "

What fantastic, witty, charming bits of writing are the short poems, "The Echo," the poem on "Early Rising," "The Snake in the Glass," "The Blarney Stone," "The Blind Men and the Elephant," and the "Railroad Rhyme."

William S. Butler, the author of "Nothing to Wear," is a successful imitator of Saxe.

Lowell is a prolific writer. Like Holmes, he rests his fame upon poetry and prose alike. The satirist of the "Biglow Papers," a keen and well merited political satire against the Mexican War and the ascendancy so long maintained in our government by the slave power, and written in the broadest Yankee dialect,—the poet of such delicate and charming verse as "The Vision of Sir Launfal," where is found that summery description of a day in June, the author of that delightful, sentimental bit of humor in Yankee lingo, entitled "The Courtin'," the writer of those

erudite and fascinating essays in the volumes "Among my Books," and "My Study Windows," and the popular minister to the Court of St. James for the last four years; these are one and the same man.

Of the "Biglow Papers" the North British Review said, upon their publication, "They are most gladly welcome as being not only the best volume of satires since the Anti-Jacobin, but also the first work of real and political genius which has reached us from the United States. We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature from time to time, and it is now with hearty pleasure that we are able to own that the Britishers have been for the present utterly and apparently hopelessly beaten by a Yankee in one important department of poetry."

The "Biglow Papers" have been pronounced the lustiest product of the national humor, Yankee through and through. In them are exemplified most of the special attributes of American humor; the racy, hilarious, yet matter-of-fact hyperbole; the boundless exaggeration uttered most demurely; the *knowing* unconsciousness which is so mirth-provoking and so interesting. The scorn, the satire, the irony, the fierce truth they fling at public humbugs and frauds are overwhelming, and they will be appreciated as well a hundred years hence as now.

It is impossible to treat of Lowell as a mere humorist, or as *chiefly* a humorist, he is so much else; but he illustrates, in an individual that which I have said of American

humor in general, namely: that it is not to be set down as existing in one work or one man, as Spanish humor might be said to exist in "Don Quixote," for, as in the case of Holmes and Irving, and indeed all American literature, the humor of Lowell exists not as a parasitic growth, but as a chemical element, so to speak, in every molecule of his works, combined, it may be, with the loftier elements of passion, morality, taste, poetic fire.

Bret Harte, another poet humorist, is popular in Germany. Think of it—the fusty old Germans over long pipe and beer mug—heads full of musty lore and Vaterland songs, and mystic legends of fairies and devils—think of their laughing and waxing enthusiastic over a German translation of "Dow's Flat," or the "Heathen Chinees"! I confess it's too much for me. But that's no reason why Americans cannot—and certainly they do—appreciate this talented American, of whose poem on "Ah Sin," it has been said, "It has in it all the facetiousness of Dickens and his 'Sairy Gamp,' concentrated in 'Truthful James,' all the mischievous deviltry which Bill Nye could furnish, and all the roistering rowdyism of a scene in 'Harry Lorrequer.' Besides, it has in it a moral which an Oriental story teller would envy. Withal, it has the element of exaggeration, without which no American humor seems possible." What a characterization!

This author is well known in a three-fold character as humorist, novelist, and poet. In his prose works especially there is a pathos along with the humor, or, rather, a

constant cropping out of both, that reminds one of the blending of these two in Dickens.

This uniting, or placing together of things the most opposite,—the rough and the gentle, the pure and the vile, the repulsive and the charming, the low and the lofty,—this is a special characteristic of Harte.

His is an exquisite fancy; one thinks sometimes of Bayard Taylor, though one never suggests the other in a humorous way.

His crises, whether humorous or otherwise, are dramatic or melodramatic; witness the end of the poem called "Dow's Flat." The uncouth narrator tells the passing traveler of the bad luck of Dow, and how it well nigh ruined him, but finally brought him great wealth. Then he closes, saying :

" — — —, Thar's your way,
To the left of yon tree;
But — a — look h'yur, say —
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you're passin',
And ask after Dow,—and that's *me*."

He especially delights in showing some touching humorous trait in an imbecile, a drunkard, a gambler, or a fallen woman; in bringing out from beneath the crust of degradation the divinity of some lofty or interesting human attribute; some noble trait left in the debris of their character. Of course it must be remembered, in criticising him for this, that such materials lay ready to hand on every side,

and largely composed the strange social fabric of early California days.

The humor of John Hay is, in my opinion, more popular than it deserves. Some of his short poems are in imitation of Harte, but are unnatural and profane.

There is a poet whose works are truly and undeniably American, in subject, treatment, metaphor, dialect and all, and who combines pathos and humor in a manner that is always fascinating, and has made him popular. I refer to the author of "Betsy and I Are Out," and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and other "Farm Ballads."

Of an entirely different order of literary merit, and hardly deserving to be classed with literature at all, and yet calling for notice as exemplifying the various forms of American humor, are the distinctively funny men, many of whom were originally newspaper men.

Here are to be named Francis M. Whicher, known through his "Widow Bedott," who "will never get married agin;" B. P. Shillaber's "Mrs. Partington" (an Americanized version of Sheridan's "Mrs. Malaprop"), the old lady who rises every morning at the "shrill carrion of the chandelier," who is greatly concerned for the welfare of the little infidels left by her diseased brother who died detested, and who is accompanied and pestered by her boy "Ike," the incarnation of mischievous Young America.

Here, also, are the comical sketches of "Porte Crayon;" Charles G. Leland, and the adventures of "Hans Breitman;" C. F. Adams and his splutter Dutch in "Leedle

Yawcob Strauss," and the dialect poems of "Miles O'Reilly."

Here is Frederick S. Cozzens, Author of the "Sparrow Grass Papers;" Q. K. Philander Doesticks and his burlesques on the American Eagle and Longfellow's "Hiawatha;" the funny things of Orpheus C. Kerr, over which people laughed just before the war; the extravagances of Max Adeler in his "Out of the Hurly-burly;" the keen satires of Petroleum V. Nasby, "which wuz Postmaster;" the dry jokes of the Danbury News man; the side-splitting domestic experiences of the raging Spoopendyke and his meek and childlike spouse; the gorgeous lies of Bill Nye, and Bill Arp, and Eli Perkins; the cartoons of Nast, and Puck, and all that class; the phonetic philosophy of Josh Billings, and the Hawkeyetems of Bob Burdette.

The queerest and most absurd funny man that ever lived was Artemus Ward. His humor was indescribable, violated all rules, and was full of fun. It was delicate, evanescent and personal; that is, it depended largely on the man himself. He could utter tiresome platitudes, and they were received with the greatest applause. His influence over an audience was magnetic and supreme.

The funniest thing at a really comic lecture or reading by such a fellow as Artemus Ward or Mark Twain, is to watch those delightfully grave, disgusted people who are not going to laugh at all, and who very contemptuously "don't see anything in that." Ward used always to notice these monsters, for they were charming to him. He actu-

ally published this note in the newspapers when lecturing in London :

"Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand." And yet there are people who would think that foolish, and declare it impossible for him to fulfill such a promise in any reasonable time.

There was no arrangement, no method, no sense in his lectures. The title had no possible connection with the talk with which he occupied the hours. Think of such a thing as this in a lecture. The orator gets to talking of Jeff. Davis, and finally takes his leave of him thus: "Jefferson Davis, I now leave you. Farewell, my gay Saler boy! Goodbye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep bloo sea, adoo! adoo!"

The great American complacency is illustrated in such an outburst as this: "Meanwhile said world continners to resolve around on her own axeltree onct in every twenty-four hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States."

The authorities of a public library in a certain town in Massachusetts lately decided to exclude from their shelves "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain, thereby giving the publishers of that interesting volume a free advertisement at least equal to that furnished by the reading tour of Cable and Twain. Their charge that it is flippant and irreverent must certainly have been made after listening to a lecture on "The Whenceness of the Which," in that astonishingly learned village.

The humor of Mark Twain has made him rich, has largely augmented the fortunes of several publishers, has delightfully entertained thousands of readers, has upset several rusty and decrepit old Juggernauts, before which people in polite society had been accustomed to prostrate themselves, has punctured and let the gas out of several hollow frauds, has laid many conventional ghosts, has ridiculed and taken the mask from much cant, hypocrisy, sham, prejudice, bigotry and artificiality, has revealed and interpreted human nature in the most honest spirit.

His descriptive powers are remarkable, and indeed unique. Witness the descriptions of the ivy-covered tower at Oxford, of the Acropolis at Athens, of forsaken and ruined Palestine, of scenes on the Mississippi River: and, in a less dignified style, his description of the miserable old horse, which could only lean up against a wall and think, or of the wonderful jackass rabbit of the Western plains, or of the coyote when pursued by a dog, or of the tranquil and omnivorous camel—nobody else can do just such word-painting. His whole style is *sui generis*.

His writing baffles criticism, mocks laws, overrides rules and formalities, and reaches a sympathetic chord in everyone who hears him. He has a way of putting things in their true light that is charming and powerful.

His humor illustrates in perfection many of the characteristics already referred to. He deals in the shock of exaggeration in a manner which is irresistibly comic. We have all read, in "Roughing It," the wonderful story of the

champion liar, who tells of being pursued by an angry buffalo; of being held in a tree in a state of siege by the infuriated animal, which finally climbed the tree in spite of his hoofs and the laws of Cuvier, and how he set aside in contempt all objections, doubts and denials of his pyrotechnic lies with the simple and crushing inquiry, "Wasn't I there? Did you ever see a buffalo try to climb a tree?"

The shock of the impossible, and of a general inversion of ideas, is illustrated in such passages as that description of the tunnel in Spain, which stuck out of the hill four hundred feet into space, or in the delicious satire describing Twain's lament over the grave of his ancestor Adam. What a grim bit of humor is that story of the cut-throat, who opposes the proposition of his partner to murder a traitorous member of the gang, and substitutes the plan of leaving him bound hand and foot to sink with a wreck of a steamboat, and thus die "his own self." He piously says, "I'm unfavorable to killin' a man as long as you can get around it; it ain't good sense; it ain't good morals."

He has the most charming way of *understating* things, which often is the soul of a humorous story or description, and which is now-a-days often carried to a tiresome extreme in such newspaper accounts as the following: "Mrs. A—— lighted the fire with kerosene oil on Wednesday morning; the handles of her coffin cost \$13.75."

A pleasanter illustration of this quality is seen when Mark writes, or better when he *says*, in his delightful, lazy, apologetic fashion, after relating some frightful experience

which would lead any one to flee for dear life: "We took a walk; in fact we really didn't care to linger round there any longer." When he tells of missing a mark with his wonderful Allen pistol, and killing a mule in a neighboring field, he says: "Then the owner of the mule came out with a shot gun, and persuaded me to buy the mule. I bought it. I didn't really need it at all, but he seemed anxious, and I didn't like to hurt his feelings, so I just bought the mule." When Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, in some boyish scrape, allow a bag full of snakes to escape in one of the bed rooms, and the reptiles crawl all over everything in the whole house, to the infinite disgust and fright of Tom's aunt, Huck calmly remarks, "No, there wa'n't no real scarcity of snakes about that house for a considerable spell." When Mark's wife appeals to him to say that he loves his baby, he replies, "No, I can't say I *love* the child, but I *respect* him for his father's sake."

Mark is a genuine born story teller, and a perfect one, as those of us can testify who listened with mouth agape to "Where's my Golden Arm?"

Much of his humor can hardly be explained, analyzed, nor accounted for, but only laughed at. Such is Huck Finn's grumbling over his troublesome conscience, of which he says: "If I had a yaller dog that didn't know no more than a person's conscience does, I would pison him. It takes up more room than all the rest of a person's insides, and yet ain't no good, nohow. Tom Sawyer, he says the same;" and again when he says of his ideal Mary Jane,

"But I reckon I've thought of her a many and a many a million times, and of her saying she would pray for me; and if ever I'd a thought it would do any good for me to pray for *her*, blamed if I wouldn't a done it or bust;" or when the pious old fraud on Huck Finn's raft explains his occupation to another tramp and dead beat, saying, "Preachin's my line, too; and workin' campmeetins, and mission-aryin' around;" or the extraordinary disquisition by runaway Jim on old King Sollermun, who "would just as lief chop a child in two as a cat;" or when Mark himself trembles in fright, and hurriedly swallows his coffee in obedience to the request of the noted desperado, Slade; or when, after a mule and a cow have tumbled through the roof of his mountain cabin on successive nights, he quietly says "I objected; it was growing monotonous;" or when Mark and the other sinful "Innocents Abroad" pester the life out of the European guides by assumed ignorance and simplicity, inquiring whether the parents of "Christopher Columbo" are living, or what the Egyptian mummy died of; or his loading of his labors and sins upon the shoulders of his agent, Harris; or his treatment of ludicrous situations like that when he pretended to recognize an old friend in Europe, and all the youthful scenes to which she referred, and met such a crushing defeat; or his complacent condemnation of the gender in the German language, which, he says, the greatest genius in the world couldn't master, for he has tried it. Long live Mark Twain! though he probably is not in need of any such encouragement,

or, as he would put it, he "would try and worry along without it."

To sum up briefly, then, the chief characteristics that we have noticed or may notice in the humor of American writers are about as follows:

It is a clean, decent humor, free, in general, from the brazen, Frenchy wit of the seventeenth-century English comedy.

It is a kindly, genial, jolly humor—comparatively free from the cruel satire, bitter irony, and half-gloomy, hysterical wit that is seen in some prominent English writers.

It has a dry, sly, half-suppressed way of revealing itself. It is knowingly unconscious. Its points are apparently unintentional, and the more effective for being so.

It is sweeping, towering, overriding; inclined sometimes to sacrifice higher interests—anything, everything fed to the insatiate maw of fun; leaning toward irreverence for the old, the established, the aristocratic, the proper, the prudent; willing to "sell" its best friend or its most respected idol; we can hardly use the word "venerated" of an American idol.

It is bold and unhesitating in exposing shams, frauds, hoaxes, abuses, cant, hypocrisy and falsehood in every form, and under every disguise.

It is founded largely on exaggeration, on the Great American hugeness, and the ineffable and undisturbed national complacency, and it is, therefore, able to avoid or dull the

points of the shafts of ridicule which may be aimed against it, and to turn the laugh on its rivals.

It is complex, heterogeneous, made of numberless elements, drawn from innumerable sources, and hence sometimes seemingly crude, like the American character itself, broad and strong, and still somewhat unformed and untrained.

It is full of the nobler qualities and elements which go with fun and laughter to make up humor, and are as essential to it as these: the gentleness, kindness, humanity, nobleness and manliness which preserve this volatile, nitrogenous quality of humor, and make it valuable and eternal.



WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

MRS. J. H. PARSONS.

“**W**HAT shall the man do that cometh after the king?”—Shakespeare, with a background of more than three centuries.

To talk of William Dean Howells seems like painting a Japanese picture—the perspective is wanting. Moreover, it appears exceedingly impolite to look into the private life of a man so near us in other ways than in point of time—like walking into our neighbor's breakfast-room, without the ceremony of ringing the door-bell.

We crave our author's pardon, then, while we re-introduce him. I recently said to an elderly lady, a relative of Mr. Howells, “You have known him for a long time?” She responded, with a smile at the reminiscence—“I held him in my arms the first hours of his life, and he lay and watched the fire all night, never closing his eyes.” I thought of Wordsworth's “Intimations of Immortality,” but only said, “He has gone through life with his eyes open.” “Yes, indeed,” she replied, “I said to him once, ‘Will, you were studying pretty deeply out of some book,

that night, weren't you?" and she added, "He was always working up something out of his own head; he never had a college education, he picked it all up himself."

Mr. Howells is forty-seven years old; a native of Ohio, of good old English stock, intermingled with German on the mother's side. A former Governor of California and one of Pennsylvania are among his near relatives, and he comes fairly into a journalist's inheritance through his father. There was a large family, and the mother was the centre around which all the family life revolved. Notwithstanding her many cares, she determined to keep pace with her children, intellectually, as they grew up around her, and made time for reading and study in a truly surprising manner. Her memory is very precious to those children, now.

Some of you remember a dark complexioned youth, with very bright eyes, and a sidewise bend of the head, who was employed for a while in the State House as clerk and legislative reporter. Then he entered the office of the Ohio State Journal. He says that Mr. Coggeshall was the first one to encourage him to attempt a literary career, and that his star of hope arose in that old room. From it, at the suggestion of Gen. Comly, he sent a poem to the Atlantic Monthly, which was accepted, and for which he received \$25.00. Gen. Comly advised him to put the money in the bank. After a while, the young man called at the office, evidently with something on his mind, which refused to be removed. It was not until he was outside the door again,

that he rallied courage to return and ask confidentially, "I say, Comly, when a fellow has put money in the bank, how does he go to work to get it out again?"

Mr. Howells, himself, tells a friend of the time when he and "Sam Reed," as he calls him, were associated in editorial work on the *Journal*. Both were radical Abolitionists, and their chief, who was much more conservative in expressing his views, would sometimes be startled to find in his columns an editorial calling the Constitution a "rope of sand," and kindred epithets. "So, the next day," Mr. Howells says, "it would be necessary to work a little jute into it, to keep down the rising indignation of some of the *Journal's* patrons."

His first contribution to the "*Atlantic*," was in January, 1860, a poem of some length, entitled "Andenken." It was rapidly followed by others, many modeled (unconsciously, perhaps), after Heine, who was our young writer's favorite poet. This audience will be more interested in his second contribution to the magazine in the issue of the following month. It is entitled "The Poet's Friend."

"The robin sings in the elm,
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes,
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things!
And they never understand a word
Of all the robin sings."

This effusion provoked a reply which appeared in the July "Atlantic," of the same year. A little bird,—not a robin,—has whispered in my ear that a Columbus lady is responsible for it. Here it is:

"THE CATTLE TO THE POET.

"How do you know what the cow may know?
As under the tasseled bough she lies,
When earth is a-beat with the life below,
When the radiant mornings redden and glow,
When the silent butterflies come and go,—
The dreamy cow, with the Juno eyes?"

"How do you know that she may not know,
That the meadow all over is lettered, 'Love,'
Or hear the mystic syllable low.
In the grass's growth, and the water's flow?
How do *you* know that she may not know,
What the robin sings on the twig above?"

He was appointed Consul to Venice in Lincoln's administration, and was abroad for four years. At the end of the first year the lonely young bachelor made a trip to Paris, returning with his bride, a sister of Larkin G. Meade, the sculptor. He had made her acquaintance in Columbus, at the house of a mutual friend. In "Venetian Life" he reviews their early married experience, in the chapter entitled "Housekeeping in Venice." Here he also wrote "Italian Journeys."

The "Atlantic" has published many of his poems, but his most valuable contributions to its pages are reviews

and literary notices. In 1873, on the retirement of James Russell Lowell, he became associated with James T. Fields in its editorial work, and soon after took the position of editor-in-chief, which he filled until recently relieved by T. B. Aldrich. He is, as you know, still actively engaged in literary work in Boston.

His early ambition was to become a writer of history, and it was not until after his return to New York that he made a venture in the field in which he has since reaped renown. He said to a friend one day, "I have thought of writing a book describing a trip to Niagara. Do you suppose people would read it? I think we like to read about what we have seen; and I can only describe that. I have no inventive genius."

The book was, "Their Wedding Journey." People did read it, and, after the manner of *Oliver Twist*, they have cried for "more," until I think Mr. Howells may consider his question fairly answered. He never names his books until they are completed. Then, like a wise parent, he allows his brain-children to name themselves. His style is peculiarly his own; full of touches of an impalpable something hard to define, which makes it difficult to present his little comedies upon the stage. For instance, who can represent the "air of self-convicted silliness" with which Mr. Roberts throws himself upon the mercy of the porter in the "Sleeping Car," and the "boots of both sexes" set out for the porter to "shine," have a different look on paper from the real articles.

Our writer makes mistakes, too. I do not now refer to the slight one of closing the register twice when it had only been opened once, in the farce entitled "The Register," nor to the difficulty with the baby in "The Sleeping Car," who is certainly never put back in his berth by Mr. Howells, although found there when the train stops at Boston.

But the reading public are crying out against anachronisms in his later writings; and we have somewhat against him on another score. It is hard to find a place, be it never so small and obscure, where there is not at least one woman, neither strong-minded nor silly, whose life is felt all around her as an uplifting and a benediction; but such have thus far escaped Mr. Howells's notice. If he writes only from observation and experience, he must have met some remarkably foolish women in his day. It may be that later in life, following the example of Chaucer, he may make us amends by writing a "Legende of Goode Womeyne" of the nineteenth century.

Having uttered this protest in behalf of womankind in general, we can well speak in praise of Mr. Howells. He is straightforward and manly, always; he has written few words which he must one day blush to recall; and in these times, when so many story-writers are enlisting the sympathies of their readers in the woes of men and women who get mismated in marriage and find other affinities, always on the verge of committing a greater sin, it is good to know that one novelist can tell a story and leave that element

out. You will ask, "What of Ben Halleck, in 'A Modern Instance?'" Can you not see that he was introduced for a special purpose? Mr. Howells will not allow the man even to think of Marcia during Bartley Hubbard's lifetime, and his death does not remove the barrier. He makes Atherton the medium through which to give us his own views, clear-cut as a diamond.

His style often reminds us of Lowell. Hosea Biglow says:

"Now, th' airth don't get put out with me,
Who love her 's though she wuz a woman,—
Why! th' ain't a bird upon the tree,
But half fergives my bein' human."

In "A Counterfeit Presentment," the artist Bartlett says: "I've managed to get on confidential terms with the local scenery. I thought we should like each other last summer, and I feel now that we're ready to swear eternal friendship."

We often feel an Englishman's dread of a joke, while reading Howells, and sometimes hardly know whether he is in jest or earnest when he stabs at the foibles of society. A worldly wise woman thus advises her daughter:

"You can't safely marry a man whose history you despise. Marriage is a terrible thing, my dear; young girls can never understand how it searches out the heart, and tries and tests in every way. You mustn't have a husband whom you can imagine with a wad of greasy cotton in his hand."

The brother's opinion differs: "Of course you can't go contrary to the theory that God once created people and no-people, and that they have nothing to do but go on reproducing themselves, and leave him at leisure for the rest of eternity. But, really, I have seen some things (and I don't mind saying Blake is one of them), that made me think the Creator was still active."

In "Suburban Sketches," the poet as well as the humorist speaks in the story of the little waif, who baffles the endeavors of a whole household to ascertain his name. He says: "His helplessness in accounting for himself was as affecting as that of the sublimest metaphysician; and no learned man, no superior intellect, no subtle inquirer among us, lost children of the Divine, forgotten home, could have been less able to say how and whence he came to be just where he found himself. We wander away and away, the dust of the roadside gathers upon us, and when some strange shelter receives us, we lie down to our sleep, inarticulate, and haunted by dreams of memory, or the memory of dreams, knowing scarcely more of the past than of the future."

"Their Wedding Journey" is the story of the bridal trip of Basil and Isabel March, who had previously wasted several years on a misunderstanding. It is a lovely mosaic of descriptions of the places through which they passed. Except for the brief mention of another party (whom we meet again in "A Chance Acquaintance"), the pair are as blissfully alone as were Adam and Eve in Paradise.

This book abounds in peculiar women. At the very start we meet a young girl in the waiting room of the station, who "sat still in the sad patience of uncourted women." Imagine that monumental endurance! Again, when Basil expresses his opinion of their traveling companion (who told something which she had just requested her husband not to speak of), Isabel responds, "Oh, that? did you think it so very odd?" Her husband looked at her with the gravity a man must feel when he begins to see that he has married the whole mystifying race of woman-kind in the woman of his choice, and made no answer. But in his heart he said, "I thought I had the pleasure of my wife's acquaintance, but it seems I was mistaken."

When they reach home they are met by the motherly old aunt, "with a refreshing shower of tears and kisses." "Oh, you dears!" the good soul cried, "you don't know how anxious I have been about you, so many accidents happening all the time. I've never read the Evening Transcript 'till the next morning, for fear I should find your names among the killed and wounded." "Oh, aunty, you're *too* good, always," whimpered Isabel, and neither of the women took note of Basil, who said: "Yes, its probably the only thing that preserved our lives."

But we can find no fault with our artist's brush when he paints Niagara and its surroundings. And the chapter headed, "A Midsummer Day's Dream," would almost warm one to read, even during the recent frantic downward plunges of the thermometer.

It is in this book that we find the keynote which our author's hand habitually strikes. He says: "As in literature, the true artist will shun the use even of real events, if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness. To me, at any rate, he is at such times very precious, and I never perceive him to be so much a man and a brother as when I feel the pressure of his vast, natural, unaffected dullness. Then I am able to enter confidentially into his life, and inhabit there; to think his shallow and feeble thoughts; to be moved by his dumb, stupid desires; to be dimly illumined by his stunted inspirations; to share his foolish prejudices; to practice his obtuse selfishness."

"A Chance Acquaintance" is in some sort a sequel to "Their Wedding Journey," and, as in the former story, abounds in fine word paintings. It is as good as a guide book for a traveler in Quebec, besides being vastly more entertaining. The story may be outlined thus: *Dramatis Personæ*. Mr. Arbuton, a cultured Bostonian; Col. Ellison, a good-natured bat of a man, and his wife, a silly, match-making woman, whose niece, Kitty, is the heroine of the story, a bright little country girl, whom Mr. Howells really treats very handsomely. We find the well-known trade mark of the author in many places in this book. Witness the quiet sarcasm in this sketch of Uncle Jack's ideal Boston: "A city where a man is valued simply and

solely for what he is in himself, and where color, wealth, family, occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions, are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence."

But to the story, which is remarkable in that the hero, and not the heroine, is the character shown up for us to practice our smiles upon. It begins with the dreadful mistake of the young lady, in "passing her hand unconsciously through Mr. Arbuton's arm" on the deck of the steamer (mistaking him for a friend), and ending (nearly), in the proffer of that gentleman's heart and hand to the fair damsel from the oil regions of Erie creek. We are reminded of the swapping of knives, "sight unseen," between schoolboys, as the girl knows absolutely nothing of her lover's antecedents, save that he is a Bostonian, while he is equally ignorant of hers, being simply incredulous when she tells him that when at home she actually washes dishes.

The denouement, however, is preceded by three weeks of icy constraint on the part of the gentleman, before his frigidity melts in the effort of saving the lady from the attack of a ferocious dog, in which encounter his immaculate overcoat is hopelessly ruined. Here is the proper and only place in the story where the reader may pause and admire the hero, who does not allow Miss Kitty to know the extent of the danger in which she has been placed.

When he offers her his heart, she is at a loss to know what to do with it, and only consents to keep it, because

he finally says, "with an accent of meekness pathetic from him" (being a Bostonian, remember):

"Why must you still doubt me?"

"I don't," she scarcely more than breathed.

"Then you are mine, now and forever!" he said, and caught her to him in a swift embrace.

"She only said, 'Oh,' in a tone of gentle reproach."

Alas, for the short "forever" of a man! At the country inn, towards which they are even now going, they encounter two ladies from Boston, the lover's old acquaintances, and straightway the newly-lighted taper of his affections is breathed upon by a current from this higher atmosphere—flickers—and expires! It is a relief to know that the girl has never once acknowledged, either to herself or to him, that she loves him.

"The Lady of the Aroostook" is a story of entirely different character. The heroine in this is an orphan girl, from a little town in Northern Massachusetts. Her mind is like a sheet of white paper—a perfect blank in knowledge of the customs of society; her horizon being bounded by the limits of her native town, with an occasional widening by a trip to Fitchburg, where she and her maiden-aunt, Maria, do their shopping. She is invited to visit another aunt, her father's sister, who has married an Englishman, and is living in Venice.

The old grandfather, a very Tithonus in feebleness and shrill, piping voice, takes her from under Aunt Maria's vigilant eye, and after a day of wearisome adventure,

reaches Boston, and places her on board the Aroostook, a sailing vessel, whose captain's heart is completely won on first meeting the supposed "little girl," whom he had promised to take under his fatherly care.

He resolves that she shall not be suffered to know that it is an unusual thing for a young lady to cross the Atlantic without the company of an older woman for protection. And so our Lydia passes from one continent to another, secure in her unacquaintance with terrible Mrs. Grundy, and in her own inherent self-respect, calmly accepting the devotion of the entire ship's company, singing her way into their hearts, and living a life as simple and natural amid her unique surrounding, as she had done in her little home among the hills.

Her fellow-passengers are two gentlemen of high social position, Staniford and Dunham, and a third poor creature, Hicks, a victim to an insatiable craving for drink; but who, in spite of this strong reason to the contrary, must also merit the name of gentleman, by his chivalric devotion to Lydia. And when, by a process of cunning, born of this dreadful appetite, he has obtained the means of gratifying it, even his poor drunken ravings never show any other spirit towards the girl.

I cannot agree with one critic who says: "The little sot need not be counted" in the story. Mr. Howells does a fine piece of work in delineating this character. In his loyalty to the "Lady of the Aroostook," neither of the unquestioned gentlemen surpass him; and I doubt much if

he ever sneered at her "I want to know!" which provincialism so pained the sensitive nerves of his companions. Our hearts go out in a great pity for this fellow being, who, having leaped over the ship's side in a drunken frenzy, has been rescued by Staniford, who asks him: "Can't you try somehow to stand up against it, and fight it off?" The wretched creature burst into tears: "You don't know what you're talking about! I'm a doctor, or I should be, if I wasn't a drunkard. Don't you suppose I've had reasons for trying? If you could see how my mother looks, when I come out of one of my drunks; and my father, poor old man! It's no use, I tell you, it's no use. I shall live just so long, and then I shall want it, and will have it, unless they shut me up for life. My God! I wish I was dead! If ever you see a man with my complaint fall overboard again, think twice before you jump after him."

Spicy bits of talk are scattered through the book. Captain Jenness recounts his boyish experience in "keeping Saturday night:" "It came pretty hard, beginning so soon, but it seemed to kind of break it, after all." He is slightly bewildered when Staniford rejoins—"Our Puritan ancestors knew just how much human nature could stand, after all. We did not have an undivided Sabbath, till the Sabbath had become much milder." But we must hasten.

Beginning by coldly ignoring the little girl from the hill-country, and contemptuously noting every small difference between her and the conventional young ladies of his acquaintance, Staniford passes through the usual processes

of the masculine mind, and ends, of course, by falling irretrievably in love with her.

Her aunt, Mrs. Erwin, will take care of the sequel. In passing, let us thank Mr. Howells for his fine characterization of a Yankee girl; and albeit, the hero is not of the old fashioned pattern, common in the days of romance and chivalry, yet we are willing to let Aunt Maria speak our minds in the closing sentence of the book :

"If Lyddy's suited, I'd know as any body else has a call to be over particular."

Usually, Mr. Howells does not sentimentalize, but "The Undiscovered Country" is a sweet and tender story. The theme is "Spiritualism," and the girl, Egeria Boynton, is remarkable only for her beauty and her devotion to her father, a weak, half-crazed old man, who for a while seems to forget even fatherly affection, in his zeal for the development of this new science through the agency of his daughter. She is a passive medium in his hands, until, after a fever, she slowly wins back to health again, but alas for her father's hopes,—with her former power completely gone.

We are obliged to divide our sympathy between the father, who sees the ruin of the hope of years, and the daughter, whose love and pity for him are even stronger than the loathing she has for her former life.

Ford is stronger than the men we have hitherto found among Mr. Howells's characters. He has no creed, nor hope of anything after death, and at the outset, confesses to no particular interest in anything on earth; yet, some-

how, old men and gentle, childlike Shakers trust him. I had almost said children, but we seldom find a child-face looking out of Mr. Howells's pages.

Whether the scenes are laid in the dingy parlor of a Boston seer-ess, or the quiet, out-door atmosphere of a Shaker community, they are alike true to the life. I will not ask you to listen to the description of the "haggard old house that had once been a home,"—but how do you like this?

"Hear the cat-bird twanging in the elder bushes, and the bobolinks climbing in the sunlit air, to reel and slide down, gurgling and laughing, to the clover tufts from whence they rose, and the mellow diapason of the bees in the apple-blossoms overhead!" Lowell's bobolink, "gladness on wings," is a twin brother of this one.

The Shaker brethren and sisters are old acquaintances, with their spotless dwellings, quaint dress, and straight-forward speech. Listen to Brother Elihu, who is sorely pained to be obliged to say:

"Egeria is getting foolish about Friend Ford." Sister Frances indignantly responds:

"Foolish about him! Egeria would never feel foolish about a young man. And," (loyal and consistent woman's heart!) "If she felt foolish about him, he would feel foolish about her, too"

"Yee!" said Elihu.

It is pathetic to follow the victim of a delusion through all the stages by which he arrives at the final decision that

he has chased a shadow; but when at length he descends into the dark valley, it is satisfying indeed to hear him say, "I have found the one great thing which the search never included,— which all research of the kind ignores — God! Out of all that chaos, I have reached Him!"

And so, with his weak, human hand clasped in the strong, Divine one, he passes on to meet the lost wife of his youth, beyond the "bourne from whence no traveler returns," and which must still remain to those tarrying behind, "An Undiscovered Country."

But above all of Mr. Howells's other stories, "A Modern Instance," stands out bold and clear in its delineation of a type of character all too common; but "Oh, the pity o't!" Was it only to give the reader an insight into journalistic life that the book was written, think you? or to make a grand plea against the present divorce laws? I cannot believe it. Let us examine further, and become a little acquainted with some of the characters, for the pictures in the books are portraits, not landscapes.

Kinney, the camp cook, is another Jim Fenton; a backwoods philosopher, skilled alike in baking beans or quoting Emerson. He remarks: "They say old Agassiz recommended fish as the most stimulating food for the brain. Well, I don't suppose but what it is; but I don't know but what pie is more stimulating to the fancy. I never saw anything like meat pie to make ye dream."

Old 'Squire Gaylord is another unique character, with his "cavernous eyes, and thin, rusty old jaws;" strong in con-

tempt for religious creeds, in love for his daughter, and, as the story progresses, terrible in his hatred of the man who has wrecked her life.

Whoever takes up this book for pleasure in reading it, will speedily lay it down again; as well make the tour of a city prison, with expectation of delight to eye and ear.

The opening chapters rouse all a woman's indignation towards that most vivid creation of the author's brain, Marcia. Let us hope, for woman's sake, that she is "simply that, and nothing more." See her throw herself at the man Bartley Hubbard, "not once, nor twice," but as a boy tosses his ball against a blank, unresponsive wall of brick or stone!

Kissing the door-knob which his hand had touched, is but a preliminary to yet wilder extravagances, as the story goes on. In no other of Mr. Howells's women do we find such a nature as this, "spirit, fire and dew," a mixture of love and jealousy. We wonder what a man like Ben Halleck could have seen in her to call forth all the strong passion of his nature. But while we wonder we must pity and forgive a woman who could love and hate with equal intensity, having been born to an inheritance which she could not disallow. With Olive Halleck, we say, "Poor, untrained, impulsive, innocent creature! My heart aches for her."

But what of Bartley Hubbard? Romola's husband, the Tito of nearly four hundred years ago, shown up in all his deformity by the conjuring power of George Eliot, re-

appears, invoked by a nineteenth century magician, as the husband of Marcia Gaylord.

Watch this second Tito, while beginning as a general favorite, his growing selfishness fostered by admiration, he goes step by step, down to the deeps. It is terrible to follow the process by which his conscience, at first active in prompting him to make confession and restitution, finally sleeps the awful slumber of Ciacco in Dante's Inferno, and

“ Wakes no more

This side the sound of the angelic trumpet.”

Let us pass along. It is too painful to linger. After the runaway marriage has been followed by a few miserable, dreadful years of misunderstanding and recrimination, the wife is at length obliged to echo her husband's assertion that “there was nothing sacred about it;” but it was “tainted with fraud from the beginning,” and from that time she ceases to “question or reproach him.” And the husband finds his thoughts wandering to “contingencies of which a man does not permit himself even to think, without a degree of moral disintegration.” He has lost the respect and confidence of his business associates, and one night he vanishes from our sight.

Two years later we find him in a western court room, where he has entered suit for divorce from his wife, on the ground of willful desertion on her part.

But his Nemesis has overtaken him at last. 'Squire Gaylord has seen a notice of the proceeding in an old news-

paper, and the old man has come, with his daughter, to redress her wrongs. He tells the court of her faithful waiting, till hope had left her; how she then "mourned the man as dead—dead to the universal frame of things, when he was ONLY dead to honor, dead to duty, and dead to her—still in such life as a man may live, who has survived his own soul." Like those other spirits seen by Dante in the "Inferno," whose bodies still walk the earth—

"And eat, and drink, and sleep, and put on clothes."

The story goes on to say: "When Bartley's counsel turned to look for him, at the close of 'Squire Gaylord's defense, to advise his withdrawal from a place where he could do no good, and where, possibly, he might come to harm, he found that his advice had been anticipated. Bartley's chair was vacant."

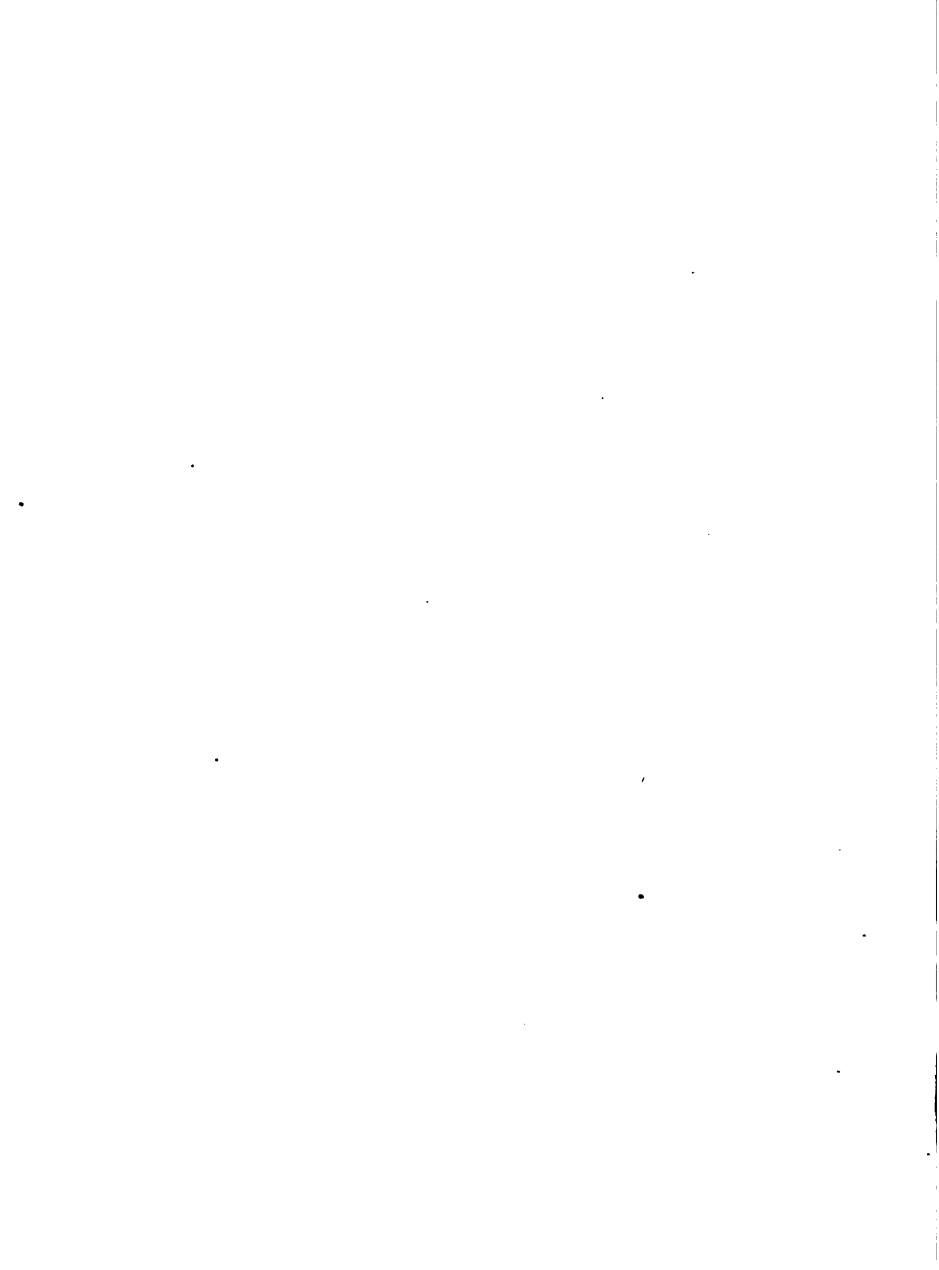
If you like, you may look at him once more, and see him emerge from a dark corner of the room in which he is hiding, and offer the wife, who had once been his property, to her friend, Ben. Halleck. But what need to follow out the story to the bitter end, and tell you how this man "died as the fool dieth?"

With whatever motive the writer of this book began it, he finished it as the spirit moved, and made it an awful warning to every young man who is starting in life with self regnant, and no dependence on a Divine arm for strength.

We will defer judgment on the outcome of the new

story, now in process of evolution from Mr. Howells's brain—"The Rise of Silas Lapham"—only venturing the hope that whether or not Irene becomes Mrs. Corey, she may be so profited by the additions to her father's library, that in the end she may be able to spell Gibbon's name correctly, and to know for a certainty whether Tennyson is an English or American poet.

My sketch of this author has necessarily been made up of fragments, but do not, I pray you, by reason of this, call him a "king of shreds and patches," but, the rather, grant him, as is his just due, a place of honor among his brethren.



DANTE AS POET.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, LL. D.

WITHOUT a lifetime of study, no one should venture upon an independent and confident judgment of Dante's quality as poet. For many reasons his work is not easily estimated by the cursory reader. In the first place, his distance from us—for it was five and a-half centuries ago that he died—take him much out of the range of our thought. The mental scenery and atmosphere of the medieval world in which he lived are so unlike those of the world in which we live, that it is hard to put ourselves in his place, and to see with his eyes. Besides, his poems, especially the "Divine Comedy," are full of historical references. One needs to know the history of Italy minutely to enter into the spirit of his work, and the history of Italy in that day is so complicated with plots, and so reverberant with all manner of fierce and confusing noises, that one does not easily comprehend it.

With the aid of the ample and admirable notes which Longfellow appended to his translation of the Comedy, one manages, however, to get some notion of what is meant.

After a second or third reading I shall hope to be able to enjoy Dante. My first reading calls for so much study that it scarcely leaves me free to please myself with the poetry, much less to form a critical estimate of its rank and value. I can, therefore, only hope to give you in this short essay some of the opinions of men who have a right to speak, and some brief extracts indicating, though very imperfectly, the character of his poetry.

I am not concerned with Dante's prose works, chief of which are his two Latin treatises, "*De Monarchia*," and "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*;" the one a defense of the supremacy of the Emperor in political affairs—a denial of the temporal power of the Pope; the other an argument to show the need and the importance of raising the Italian language into a literary language—the possibility of elevating and purifying the vernacular, until it should be the fit vehicle of noble thought and beautiful imagery. What his Latin treatise showed as desirable and possible his "*Divine Comedy*" has done. Probably no literary tongue owes so much to any one man as the Italian language owes to Dante Alighieri.

The "*Convito*" or Banquet, was a combination of prose and poetry, in three books, each of which consists of a long *canzone* or ode, followed by a prose commentary, explaining and illustrating it, after a manner peculiar to Dante, of which I will speak presently. The work is rather intricate and grotesque, but it is said that one must read it in order fully to understand the "*Divine Comedy*."

Several lesser poems of Dante, sonnets and ballads have

been published, but concerning the authenticity of many of these there is much question. It remains to speak of his two great poems, the "Vita Nuova" or New Life, and the "Divine Comedy."

Both these poems revolve around the person of that Beatrice Fortinari, who was the inspiration and the ideal of all his work. The story of his slight relation to this young girl, and of the mighty influence exerted upon him by a life that touched his so casually and momentarily, is one of the marvels of romance. They were children when they first met, Dante nearly ten, Beatrice a little past nine. In the "Vita Nuova," Dante describes that first meeting: "At that moment I saw most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith, and in trembling it said these words: '*Ecce deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi.*'" Behold the divinity stronger than I who comes to rule over me. Rather a precocious passion, one would say. It seems that he saw Beatrice after this but once or twice, and that she probably knew but little of him. She married Simon de Bardi, and died at the age of twenty-two. Dante himself was married, two years after, to Gemma, daughter of Manetto Donati. "It is possible," says Mr. Oscar Browning in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "that she is the lady mentioned in the 'Vita Nuova,' as sitting full of pity at her window, and comforting Dante for his sorrow." The reference is in these words:

"Some time afterwards, happening to be in a place when I was reminded of the past time, I stood deep in thought, and with such doleful thoughts that they made me exhibit an appearance of terrible distress. Wherefore I, becoming aware of my woe-begone looks, lifted up mine eyes to see if any one saw me; and I saw a gentle lady, young and very beautiful, who was looking at me from a window, with a face full of compassion, so that all pity seemed assembled in her. Wherefore, since the wretched, when they witness the compassion of others for them, are the more readily moved to weep, as if they took pity on themselves, I then felt mine eyes begin to desire to weep; and, therefore, fearing lest I might display my abject life, I departed from before the eyes of this gentle one, and I said then within me, 'It cannot be but that most noble love abideth with this compassionate lady.'"

If this conjecture of Mr. Browning's be well founded, the fair Gemma, like many another since her day, got her reward, such as it was, for comforting the disconsolate Dante. We must doubt whether he proved to be a model husband; for whatever his morals may have been his moods must have been terrific. By this wife he had seven children, but nothing is known of her, and little of them. She did not go with him into exile: she is not mentioned in the "Divine Comedy." Whatever his life at home may have been, his soul was possessed and mastered by the passion for Beatrice Fortinari. Doubtless the being that he loved and worshipped was largely the creation of his own

imagination; perhaps, if he had known her better his ardor would have been less intense: but, as it was, the passion burnt on with steady flame to his dying day; neither distance nor time could quench it; it was the motive power of all his noblest work.

The "Vita Nuova" is the history of this passion. I give you Mr. Browning's account of it:

"Like the 'In Memoriam' of our own poet, it follows all the varying phases of a deep and overmastering passion from its commencement to its close. He describes how he met Beatrice as a child, himself a child; how he often sought her glance; how she greeted him on the street; how he feigned a false love to hide his true love; how he fell ill, and saw in a dream the transfiguration of his beloved; how she died, and how his health failed from sorrow; how the tender compassion of another lady nearly won his heart from its first affection; how Beatrice appeared to him in a vision, and reclaimed his heart; and how, at last, he saw a vision which induced him to devote himself to study, that he might be more fit to glorify her who gazes on the face of God forever. This simple story is interspersed with *sonneti*, *ballate* and *canzoni*, chiefly written at the time, to emphasize some mood of his changing passion. After each of these, in nearly every case, follows an explanation in prose, which is intended to make the thought and argument intelligible to those to whom the language of poetry was not familiar."

As a good specimen of this method the following may suffice:

"This most gentle lady, of whom there hath been discourse in the preceding words, came into such favor among the people, that, when she passed along the way, persons ran to see her, which gave me wonderful delight. And when she was near any one, such modesty came into his heart that he dared not raise his eyes, or return her salutation, and of this many, as having experienced it, could bear witness for me, to whoso might not believe it. She, crowned and clothed with humility, took her way, displaying no pride in that which she saw and heard. Many said, when she had passed, 'This is not a woman, rather she is one of the most beautiful angels of Heaven.' And others said, 'She is a marvel. Blessed be the Lord who can work thus admirably!' I say that she showed herself so gentle and so full of all pleasantness that those who looked upon her comprehended in themselves a pure and sweet delight, such as they could not after tell in words; nor was there any who might look upon her but that he needs must sigh at the beginning. These and more admirable things proceeded from her admirably and with power. Wherefore, I, thinking upon this, desiring to resume the style of her praise, resolved to say words in which I would set forth her admirable and excellent influences, to the end that not only those who might actually behold her, but also others might know of her whatever words could tell. Then I devised this sonnet:

“ So gentle and so modest doth appear
My lady when she giveth her salute,
That every tongue becometh trembling mute ;
Nor do the eyes to look upon her dare.
Although she hears her praises she doth go
Benignly vested with humility ;
And like a thing come down, she seems to be,
From heaven to earth a miracle to show.
So pleaseth she whoever doth come nigh,
She gives the heart a sweetness through the eyes,
Which none can understand who doth not prove.
And from her countenance there seems to move
A spirit sweet and in Love's very guise,
Who to the soul is ever saying, ‘ Sigh !’

“ This sonnet is so easy of understanding, through that which hath been narrated, that it hath no need of any division, and therefore, leaving it, I say that this, my lady, reached such favor that not only was she honored and praised, but through her were many ladies honored and praised. Wherefore I, seeing this, and wishing to manifest it to whoever saw it not, resolved further to say words in which this should be set forth ; and I devised this sonnet, which relateth how her virtue wrought in other ladies :

“ All welfare hath he perfectly beheld,
Who amid ladies doth my lady see ;
And whoso goeth with her is compelled
Grateful to God for this fair grace to be.
Her beauty of such virtue is indeed,
That ne'er in others doth it envy move ;
Rather she makes them like her to proceed,

Clothed on with gentleness and faith and love,
Her sight creates in all humility,
And maketh not herself to please alone,
But each gains honor who to her is nigh.
So gentle in her every act is she,
That she can be recalled to mind by none
Who doth not, in Love's very sweetness, sigh.

"This sonnet hath three parts; in the first, I say among what people this lady appeared most admirable; in the second, I say how gracious was her company; in the third, I speak of those things which she wrought with power in others. The second beginneth here: 'And whoso goeth;' the third, here: 'Her beauty of such virtue.' This last part is divided into three: in the first, I tell that which she wrought in ladies, namely, as regards themselves; in the second, I tell that which she wrought in them in respect to others; in the third, I tell not only how she wrought in ladies, but in all persons, and how she marvellously wrought, not only in presence, but also in memory. The second beginneth here: 'Her sight;' the third, here: 'So gentle.'"

Of the "Vita Nuova," Beatrice is the sole theme; of Dante's masterpiece, the "Commedia," she is the inspiration. The last words of the "Vita Nuova" make this plain:

"After this sonnet, a wonderful vision appeared to me, in which I saw things which made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one, until I could more worthily treat of her. And to attain to this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knoweth. So that if it shall please

Him through whom all things live that my life shall be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman. And then may it please Him who is the Lord of Grace, that my soul may go to behold the glory of its lady, namely, of that blessed Beatrice, who in glory looketh upon the face of Him *qui est per omnia saecula benedictus.*"

This purpose was not soon realized. . That it did cost great study and labor, its rich cantos bear ample testimony. Dante had the best education the schools of the period could give; but he had broadened and invigorated his mind by knowledge gleaned in many fields. There is dispute about the date of the "*Vita Nuova*," but if, as Professor Norton thinks, it was written soon after the death of Beatrice, in 1292, then more than twenty-five years elapsed before the first book of the "*Comedy*" was written. The "*Inferno*" was not finished before 1314, the "*Purgatorio*" about 1318, and the "*Paradiso*" probably not until the last year of the poet's life, which was 1321.

The adjective divine was not given by Dante to his poem. He called it "*The Comedy of Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by nation but not by habits.*" The poem was called a comedy because it was written in a middle style, "though some," as Leigh Hunt says, "by a strange confusion of ideas, think the reason must have been because it 'ended happily;' that is, because beginning with hell (to some) it terminated with heaven (to others). As well might they have said, that a morning's work in the

Inquisition ended happily, because while people were being racked in the dungeons, the officers were making merry in the drawing-room."

The machinery of the poem is, briefly, as follows: To Dante, wandering in a wood, Beatrice sends the poet Virgil, who conducts Dante through hell, of which region he is one of the most distinguished residents, also through Purgatory. Thence he ascends to heaven, where Beatrice herself meets him, and becomes his cicerone. What he sees in these journeys he tells in this poem with marvellous vividness. It is difficult to believe that Dante did not see what he describes—so minute and realistic is his story.

The geography of the regions he describes is somewhat quaint. Here is Leigh Hunt's account of it: "His hell, considered as a place, is, to speak geologically, a most fantastical formation. It descends from beneath Jerusalem to the centre of the earth, and is a funnel graduated in circles, each circle being a separate place of torment for a different vice or its co-ordinates, and the point of the funnel terminating with Satan stuck into ice. Purgatory is a corresponding mountain on the other side of the globe, commencing with the antipodes of Jerusalem, and divided into exterior circles of expiation, which end in a table-land forming the terrestrial paradise. From this the hero and his mistress ascend by a flight, exquisitely conceived, to the stars; where the sun and the planets of the Ptolemaic system (for the true one was unknown in Dante's time) form a series of heavens for different virtues, the whole terminating in the

empyrean, or region of pure light, and the presence of the Beatific Vision."

Three great divisions of the infernal abyss are separated by great spaces, and in these three divisions Dante classifies the damned according to ethical standards mainly learned from Aristotle. In the first grade are found the incontinent, in the second the malicious, and in the lowest the bestial. It is somewhat difficult to feel the force of the epithet bestial as applied to flatterers, barrators, evil counsellors and schismatics, all of whom Dante includes under this term; but it is a hard word, and Dante hurled it at those he hated most. We may not always justify his choice of terms, but his heart is generally in the right place, and his hot hatred against fraud and falsehood, and treachery, is contagious and stimulating. One or two extracts from the "Inferno" will give some notion of the tremendous force of this great poem. The first is a passage from the third canto, in which Virgil and Dante stand before the portals of hell, and meet first, on its outskirts, the souls of the supremely selfish. The canto begins with the famous inscription over the mouth of the infernal regions:

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way unto the people lost.
Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom, and the primal Love.
Before me there were no created things,

Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in !'
These words in sombre color I beheld
Written upon the summit of a gate;
Whence I: 'Their sense is, Master, hard to me!'
And he to me, as one experienced:
'Here all suspicion needs must be abandoned,
All cowardice must needs be here extinct.
We to the place have come, where I have told thee
Thou shalt behold the people dolorous
Who have foregone the good of intellect.'
And after he had laid his hand on mine
With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,
He led me in among the secret things.
There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud
Resounded through the air without a star,
Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.
Languages diverse, horrible dialects,
Accents of anger, words of agony,
And voices high and hoarse, with sounds of hands,
Made up a tumult that goes whirling on
Forever in that air forever black,
Even as the sand doth, when the whirlwind breathes.
And I, who had my head with horror bound,
Said: 'Master, what is this which now I hear ?
What folk is this, which seems by pain so vanquished ?'
And he to me: 'This miserable mode
Maintain the melancholy souls of those
Who lived withouten infamy or praise.
Commingled are they with that caitiff choir
Of angels, who have not rebellious been,
Nor faithful were to God, but were for self.

The heavens expelled them, not to be less fair;
Nor them the nethermore abyss receives,
For glory none the damned would have from them.'
And I: 'O Master, what so grievous is
To these, that maketh them lament so sore?'
He answered: 'I will tell thee briefly.
These people have not any hope of death;
And this blind life of theirs is so debased,
They envious are of every other fate.
No fame of them the world permits to be;
Misericord and Justice both disdain them.
Let us not speak of them, but look and pass.'"

— *Canto III., 1-51.*

This is Mr. Longfellow's translation, which preserves the *terza rima* of Dante, and in its strict adherence to the form of the original sometimes fails, I think, to give the full vigor of the poetry. Let me quote for you from Cary's translation the description in the next Canto of that Limbo, called by our Puritan Wigglesworth, "the easiest room in hell," where all good heathen, unbaptized infants, and other such unfortunates are confined:

"Onward, this said, he moved,
And entering led me with him on the bounds
Of the first circle, that surrounds the abyss.
Here, as mine ear could note, no plaint was heard
Except of sighs, that made th' eternal air
Tremble, not caus'd by tortures, but from grief
Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,
Of men, women and infants. Then to me
The gentle guide: 'Inquir'st thou not what spirits

Are these, which thou beholdest? Ere thou pass
Farther, I would have thee know, that these of sin
Were blameless: and if aught they merited,
It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,
The portal to their faith. If they before
The Gospel liv'd, they serv'd not God aright:
And among such am I. For those defects,
And for no other evil, we are lost;
Only so far afflicted, that we live
Desiring without hope.' So grief assail'd
My heart at hearing this, for well I knew
Suspended in that Limbo many a soul
Of mighty worth. 'O tell me, sire rever'd!
Tell me, my master!' I began through wish
Of full assurance in that holy faith,
Which vanquishes all error — 'Say, did e'er
Any, or through his own or other's merit,
Come forth from thence, who afterward was blest?'
Piercing the secret purport of my speech,
He answered: 'I was new to that estate
When I beheld a puissant one arrive
Amongst us, with victorious trophy crown'd.
He forth the shade of our first parent drew,
Abel his child, and Noah, righteous man,
Of Moses lawgiver for faith approv'd,
Of patriarch Abraham, and David King,
Israel with his sire and with his sons,
Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,
And others many more, whom he to bliss
Exalted. Before these, be thou assur'd,
No spirit of human kind was ever sav'd.'"

—*Canto IV., 20-60.*

This last reference is, of course, to the preaching of Christ to "the spirits in prison;" and it shows how the old theology treated this text.

Take one more extract from the "Inferno," from Mr. Longfellow's translation :

" O Simon Magus, O forlorn disciples,
Ye who the things of God, which ought to be
The brides of holiness, rapaciously
For silver and for gold do prostitute,
Now it behoves for you the trumpet sound,
Because in this third Bolgia ye abide.
We had already on the following tomb
Ascended to that portion of the crag
Which over the middle of the moat hangs plumb.
Wisdom supreme, O how great art thou showest
In heaven, in earth, and in the evil world,
And with what justice doth thy power distribute !
I saw upon the sides and on the bottom
The livid stone with perforations filled,
All of one size, and every one was round.
To me less ample seemed they not, nor greater
Than those which in my beautiful Saint John
Are fashioned for the place of the baptizers,
And one of which, not many years ago,
I broke for some one, who was drowning in it;
Be this a seal all men to undeceive.
Out of the mouth of each one there protruded
The feet of a transgressor, and the legs
Up to the calf, the rest within remained.
In all of them the soles were both on fire;
Wherefore the joints so violently quivered,

They would have snapped asunder withes and bands.
 Even as the flame of unctuous things is wont
 To move upon the outer surface only,
 So likewise was it there from heel to joint.
 'Master, who is that one that writhes himself,
 More than his other comrades quivering,'
 I said, 'and whom a redder flame is sucking?'
 And he to me: 'If thou wilt have me bear thee
 Down there along that bank which lowest lies,
 From him, thou 'lt know his errors and himself,'
 And I: 'What pleases thee, to me is pleasing;
 Thou art my Lord, and knowest that I depart not
 From thy desire, and knowest what is not spoken.'
 Straightway upon the fourth dike arrived;
 We turned, and on the left-hand side descended
 Down to the bottom full of holes and narrow,
 And the good Master yet from off his haunch
 Deposed me not, till to the hole he brought me
 Of him who so lamented with his shanks.
 'Whoe'er thou art, that standest upside down,
 O doleful soul, implanted like a stake,'
 To say began I, 'If thou canst, speak out.'

—*Canto XIX.*, 1-48.

Without stopping to hear the response of this unhappy ghost, you may be content with knowing that it is one of the Popes whom the poet thus pictures. Poetic justice it is, indeed, that he deals out to evil-doers of all ranks. In the companies that he meets in hell, historical and mythological personages are strangely mingled; but whatever may have happened in another world, many a traitor and villain of those mediæval times has suffered a retribu-

tion six centuries long in this world already in the burning words of Dante.

I had marked other extracts from the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso," but these must suffice. Let me read to you, in conclusion, a brief extract from one of Macaulay's essays, and a bit of Carlyle's lecture on "The Hero as Poet:"

"There is no poet whose intellectual and moral character are so closely connected. The great source, as it appears to me, of the power of the 'Divine Comedy,' is the strong belief with which the story seems to be told. In this respect, the only books which approach to its excellence are 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' The solemnity of his asseverations, the consistency and minuteness of his details, the earnestness with which he labors to make the reader understand the exact shape and size of everything he describes, give an air of reality to his wildest fictions. I should only weaken this statement by quoting instances of a feeling which pervades the whole work, and to which it owes much of its fascination. This is the real justification of the many passages in his poem which bad critics have condemned as grotesque. I am concerned to see that Mr. Cary, to whom Dante owes more than ever poet owed to translator, has sanctioned an accusation utterly unworthy of his abilities. 'His solicitude,' says that gentleman, 'to define all his images in such a manner as to bring them within the range of our vision, and to subject them to the

power of the pencil, renders him little better than grotesque, where Milton has since taught us to expect sublimity.' It is true that Dante has never shrunk from embodying his conceptions in determinate words; that he has even given measures and numbers, where Milton would have left images to float undefined in a gorgeous haze of language. Both were right. Milton did not profess to have been in Heaven or hell. He might, therefore, reasonably confine himself to magnificent generalities. Far different was the office of the lonely traveler, who had wandered through the nations of the dead. Had he described the abode of the rejected spirits in language resembling the splendid lines of the English poet—had he told us of—

“‘An universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds
Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras and chimaeras dire,’

“This would doubtless have been noble writing. But where would have been that strong impression of reality, which, in accordance with his plan, it should have been his great object to produce? It was absolutely necessary for him to delineate accurately ‘all monstrous, all prodigious things;’ to utter what might seem ‘unutterable;’ to embody what fear had never conceived. And I will frankly confess that

the vague sublimity of Milton affects me less than these reviled details of Dante. We read Milton, and we know that we are reading a great poet. When we read Dante, the poet vanishes. We are listening to the man who has returned from 'the valley of the dolorous abyss;' and we seem to see the dilated eye of horror, to hear the shuddering accents with which he tells his fearful tale. Considered in this light, the narratives are exactly what they should be—definite in themselves, but suggesting to the mind ideas of awful and indefinite wonder. They are made up of the images of the earth. Yet the whole effect is, beyond expression, wild and unearthly."

Thus far the mellifluous Macaulay. Listen now, finally, to the rugged rhetoric of Carlyle:

"I give Dante my highest praise when I say of his 'Divine Comedy' that it is, in all senses, genuinely a song. In the very sound of it there is a *canto fermo*; it proceeds as by a chant. The language, his simple *terza rima*, doubtless helped him in this. One reads along naturally with a sort of *lilt*. But I add, that it could not be otherwise; for the essence and material of the work are themselves rhythmic. Its depth, and rapt passion and sincerity, make it musical; go deep enough, there is music everywhere. A true, inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music. The three kingdoms, Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso, look out on one another like compartments of a great edifice; a great su-

pernatural world-cathedral, piled up there, stern, solemn, awful; Dante's World of Souls! It is, at bottom, the sincerest of all poems; sincerity, here too, we find to be the measure of worth. It came deep out of the author's heart of hearts; and it goes deep, and through long generations into ours. The people of Verona, when they saw him on the streets, used to say, '*Eccovi l' nom ché e stato all' Inferno.*' 'See, there is the man that was in hell!' Ah, yes, he had been in hell; in hell enough; in long, severe sorrow and struggling; as the like of him is pretty sure to have been. Comedias that come out *divine* are not accomplished otherwise. Thought, true labor of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind; true *effort*, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself; that is Thought. In all ways we are 'to become perfect through *suffering*.' But, as I say, no work known to me is so elaborated as this of Dante's. It has all been as if molten in the hottest furnace of his soul. It had made him 'lean' for many years. Not the general whole only; every compartment of it is worked out with intense earnestness into truth, into clear visibility. Each answers to the other; each fits in its place like a marble stone accurately hewn and polished. It is the soul of Dante, and in this the soul of the middle ages, rendered forever rhythmically visible there. No light task; a right intense one; but a task which is *done*."

THE FLOWERING PLANTS OF OHIO.

PROF. WILLIAM R. LAZENBY.

IT may be something of an innovation to present a paper before this Club on a scientific subject. Yet I have no apology to offer, for I believe a few general facts concerning the Phænerogamia or flowering plants of Ohio will not be devoid of interest. Too many of those who are engaged in literary pursuits or engrossed in business pass through life essentially blind to the marvelous wonders of nature that are manifest to more observing eyes. The magnificent phenomena of the seasons, the budding of plants in spring-time, their growth, period of blossoming, maturity of fruit, make little impression on their senses, perhaps even less on their understandings. Many persons have passed through or by the side of a forest a hundred times, and yet could not name one-half of the various species of trees which compose it. What is needed is a development of the faculty of observation, a formation of a habit of not merely *looking at* but *seeing* things. Of our higher plants—that is, those producing flowers and seed, there are now growing in the State of Ohio something over

fifteen hundred species. Of this number about two hundred species have been introduced from foreign countries, and have now become naturalized. The remainder are indigenous to our country. These fifteen hundred species represent one hundred and twelve natural orders or families, being an average of thirteen and one-half for each family. Although this is the average, the actual number belonging to each family varies from one to one hundred and eighty-eight. The family most largely represented is *Compositæ* or the Sunflower Family.

This is the largest family in the vegetable kingdom, containing upwards of ten thousand species. Of this vast number, one hundred and eighty-eight are found in Ohio, which is a little more than one-eighth of the whole number of species found. Although the species are so numerous, the family as a whole possesses very little economic value, and is of slight importance. We would regret to lose our fall-blooming asters and golden rods, of which there are over twenty species each in the State; the bright-eyed daisy, which enlivens the meadows and roadsides in many sections; the humble dandelion, and the æsthetic sunflower; yet these are about all of our native representatives that are considered worthy of much attention. Next in point of number of species comes the *Cyperaceæ* or Sedges, represented by about one hundred and forty five species, most of which are mere "cumberers of the ground."

Following this is *Gramineæ* or the Grass Family, of which

we have one hundred and twenty-five species in the State. If Compositæ and the Sedge Family are of little value, the Grass Family is of the greatest importance. Although it contains little more than one-third the number of species that we find in Compositæ, in point of economic value no comparison can be made.

It is an entirely safe proposition that Gramineæ is of greater use to the comfort and well-being of mankind than all the other orders or families of plants put together. We look upon grass much as we do upon air or sunlight; accept it as a matter of course, and do not realize the pleasure it affords, or the effect it has upon our lives. If all of the species of this family found growing in Ohio were removed or destroyed, we would soon be conscious of the change. The species of no other family have the social, aggressive habit of the grasses; no other could cover the earth with verdure. The difference between desert regions and fertile lands is not so much in the absence of all vegetation, but the fact that the earth is not covered with a carpet of green. Grass is the basis of every beautiful landscape scene, the soul, as it were, of the picture. When the prophet Isaiah would express the very extreme of desolation and despair, he exclaimed, "The grass faileth, there is no green thing." The apostolic statement that "all flesh is grass" is literally true. Science fully demonstrates that without the economic product of this family, in the way of grain, hay and pasturage, animal life upon the earth would be well-nigh impossible. Some French

writer has asserted that grass is only another name for beef, mutton, bread and clothing. The same idea is expressed in an old Belgian proverb, which reads: "No grass, no cattle; no cattle, no manure; no manure, no crops; no crops, no life."

All of the members of the Grass Family that are found in this State are herbaceous plants. In tropical countries, however, they become woody, and grow to considerable height. We often speak with pride of the mineral resources of our State. We are justified in this, for the average annual output of coal, iron, lime, cement, etc., is, in the aggregate, something enormous; yet the annual value of a few products, like wheat, corn, oats and hay—which belong to the Grass Family, and are produced in the State—is over ten times the total valuation of all the mineral products.

Another family, a right royal group of plants, containing the second largest number of species of any of the natural orders, is represented in Ohio by sixty-five species. This is the Leguminosæ, or Pea Family. It furnishes the clovers and other valuable forage-plants; also, the yellow locust, honey locust, Kentucky coffee tree, red-bud or Judas tree, tree, and many other well-known species.

Next comes Rosaceæ, or the Rose Family, to which belong nearly all the valuable fruits of temperate zones. About fifty species of this important family are found in Ohio. In this number are the apple, pear, quince, peach, plum, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry. Be-

sides these fruits this family furnishes the rose, which has well been called the "Queen of Flowers."

If I were called upon to state what single aspect of our economic condition most favorably distinguished the people of Ohio from those of most other States, and all other countries, I would point at once to the orchards and fruit-gardens which are so generally found upon every farm large or small, and the fruit trees that are commonly met with even on the lot of the mechanic or workman in every village and in the suburbs of every city.

An apple orchard, with a few cherry, plum and pear trees surrounding the house or belting the garden, is the condition of the average Ohio homestead, giving an air of thrift and comfort, peace and prosperity nowhere else fairly equalled.

We have now named some of the families most largely represented in the State. The number of representatives of the remaining orders is quite variable. Some have but few less species than those already mentioned; others contain many less, and there are at least fifteen families that are represented in our State by a single species alone. Among the plants that have no family connections in the State, not even a single "poor relation," may be noted the following: Paw-paw, moon-seed, pitcher-plant, mignonette, passion-flower, teasel, persimmon, poke weed, and sycamore. The American sycamore, or plane-tree, belongs to one of the smallest families of plants. There are only five species known. Our common sycamore, or plane-tree, or

button-wood, is found throughout the whole of eastern and central United States. It is a large tree, with a peculiar thin, whitish, or mottled bark. A closely related species is found in California, and two occur in Mexico. The fifth species is found only in the Old World. A few interesting structural peculiarities found in some of our native species will now be noted. Let us first observe a few plants that have the peculiar habit of entrapping insects, and on this account are called insectivorous. A good illustration of this class is seen in our common round-leaved Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), a species that is found in considerable abundance in various peat-bogs of the State. It is a small plant, but exceedingly interesting in structure. The leaves are all radical, or developed from the root, and lie flat, forming a little rosette. From the center of this collection of leaves the scapes or flower stalks arise. The flowers are colorless, and almost inconspicuous. The leaves are somewhat spoon-shaped, and the surface of the expanded portion is thickly beset with fine hair-like filaments, each tipped with a small knob or gland. These glands secrete a viscid fluid which glistens in the sun—hence, the common name “Sundew.”

This sticky secretion attracts insects, and then holds them fast. The hair-like glands are irritated by the struggling victim, bending toward and more or less completely enclosing it. The acid secretion finally kills the entrapped insect, and the soluble portions are absorbed or digested by the plant.

Darwin spent twenty years in observing and studying the habits of our native sundew and other insectivorous plants. His work on this subject is one of unusual interest. Another native species of insect-catching habit is our common pitcher plant, which, like the sundew, inhabits peat-bogs and marshes. The open pitcher-like leaves of this plant always contain a quantity of liquid in which many decaying insects are found.

The structure of the interior surface of the leaf, or pitcher, is such as to make it exceedingly difficult for insects, when once in it, to make their escape, being lined with sharp, stiff bristle-like hairs which point downward. Without doubt these plants are largely nourished by the numerous insects that are imprisoned by their leaves. Other interesting insectivorous species found among the flowering plants of our State might be described, but time forbids. We might also speak of another class of interesting plants, known as parasites or saprophytes. These are plants that derive their nourishment from other plants, either living or dead. They have no green parts, and the leaves are reduced to mere scales. In fact, they show the degraded character that always belongs to a parasite.

In conclusion, I desire to call your attention to the subject of myths and superstitions regarding plants. There is a wealth of legend and romance connected with our native flora. It is a somewhat notable fact that in the superstitions of Natural History animals are mostly credited with evil, while plants have great power for good.

In ancient times almost every plant had some marvelous properties or virtues ascribed to it. The roots and flowers of violets, in addition to curing a large number of physical ailments, had the power of moderating anger, and comforting and strengthening the heart. Our common St. John's Wort was, and is still in many countries, gathered on the eve of St. John's day, and hung over the doors and windows to ward off all evil spirits, and protect the inmates from storms and other calamities.

All plants with the leaf divided into three rounded lobes, as is seen in the clover, and oxalis or wood sorrel, were potent against all manner of evil. The ternary leaf stood as a type of the Trinity, three in one. But a clover leaf divided into four parts was of far more importance. There is an old saying, "that if a man walking in the fields finds any four-leaved grass, he shall in a short while after find some good thing." Many marriageable young ladies of the present day still believe this, and are constantly on the lookout for four-leaved clover. There is scarcely a well known native plant which has not had something to do with the supernatural.

I close with this thought: if any argument were needed in favor of the study of Botany, save a statement of the obligations which mankind, as well as animal life in general, is under to the vegetable kingdom, it would be this—the fact that an intimate knowledge of the habits and characteristics of plants adds so greatly to our capacity for enjoyment.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, - - - MR. E. O. RANDALL.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

MR. E. O. RANDALL,	PROF. W. R. LAZENBY,
PROF. ABRAM BROWN,	MRS. ABRAM BROWN,
MR. FRANK T. COLE,	MISS H. BROCKELHURST,
MR. F. C. EATON,	MISS ELLEN M. SMITH.

Club Organized November 17, 1881.

PROGRAMMES

OF THE

Literary and Social Club

OF THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

FIRST SEASON.

Monday Evening, December 5th, 1881.

First meeting, held at Dr. Hutchins' residence.

1. Sketch of Charles Kingsley's Life..... Miss Annie Janney
2. Piano Duet—Gallop Brilliant—*Sponholtz*
Mrs. Abram Brown and Mrs. E. B. Gager
3. Kingsley as a Naturalist Prof. A. H. Tuttle
4. Reminiscences of Kingsley..... Dr. Hutchins and Mr. E. O. Randall

Monday Evening, December 12th, 1881.

1. Alexandria Miss Harriet Brocklehurst
2. Piano Solo—Titania Miss Flora Burdell
3. Kingsley's Hypatia Mr. Frank T. Cole
4. Piano Duett..... Mrs. A. C. Brown and Mr. E. C. Brown
5. Remarks on Neo-Platonism..... Rev. I. W. Metcalf

Monday Evening, December 19th, 1881.

1. Essay—Up the Nile..... Mr. A. J. Ide
Mr. Ide also gave several solos on the zither.

Monday Evening, January 9th, 1882.

1. Lecture on Egyptian Architecture..... Prof. W. S. Goodnough

This lecture was illustrated by the stereopticon, and was given in the lecture room of the church.

Monday Evening, January 23d, 1882.

1. Quartet—"Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre.".....
Mrs. Bishop, Miss Bishop, Mr. Towler and Mr. Dunford
2. Around Lake Geneva Prof. A. H. Tuttle
3. Trio..... Mrs. Bishop, Miss Bishop and Mr. Towler
4. The Glaciers Mr. J. J. Janney
5. Remarks Rev. Dr. Twitchell, of Cleveland

Monday Evening, January 30th, 1882.

1. The Forest Cantons..... Dr. F. G. Janney
2. Book Review Miss K. E. McConnell
3. Magazine Review Mrs. W. A. Mahony
4. Piano Solo Mrs. A. F. Zigler
5. The Tate Noir Pass..... Mr. E. O. Randall
6. The Valley of the Chamouni Rev. D. A. Randall
7. Piano Solo Miss Zigler

Monday Evening, February 6th, 1882.

1. Piano Duet—Overture to Semiramede—*Rossini*
Mrs. A. Brown and Mrs. E. B. Gager
2. The Concord Authors..... Prof. Abram Brown
3. Reading—Paul Revere's Ride..... Dr. C. R. Montgomery

Monday Evening, February 13th, 1882.

1. Thoreau. Prof. W. R. Lazenby
2. Solo—"On the Banks of the Beautiful Blue Moselle"
Miss Alice Brown
3. Margaret Fuller..... Mrs. A. C. Brown
4. Piano Duet..... Mr. Harry Archer and Mr. E. C. Brown

Monday Evening, February 20th, 1882.

1. Quartet—The Pugh Vidette Quartet.....
Messrs. Lewis, Davie, Lewis and Knell
2. Soprano Solo, Arietta, from Der Freischutz.....Miss Minnie Schultze
3. The Tyrol and the Austrian Alps.....Capt. A. E. Lee
4. Quartet—The Whip-poor-will Song.....The Pugh Vidette Quartet
5. Piano SoloMiss Emma Metters

Monday Evening, February 27th, 1882.

Club met at Mr. Sessions' residence.

1. Sketch of Longfellow's Life and Works.....Mrs. Geo. C. Mather
2. Song—"I Shot an Arrow in the Air".....Miss Minnie Schultze
3. Reading—Hiawatha's Wooing.....Miss Louta Hamilton
4. Violin Solo.....Mr. Walter Brodbeck
5. Reading—Courtship of Miles Standish.....Miss E. H. Wilmot
6. Song—The Rainy Day.....Prof. Jas. McComb
7. Reading - Morituri Salutamus.....Miss K. A. Mathew

Monday Evening, March 13th, 1882.

Club met at Mrs. Ide's residence.

1. Selection.....The Arion Quartet,
Messrs. Lewis, Comstock, Ewing and Hutchinson
2. Roman HistoryMr. Theodore L. Griffin
3. Zither SoloMr. A. J. Ide
4. Review of the March Magazines.Mr. F. T. Cole
5. SelectionThe Arion Quartet
6. Remarks on the German Confederation.....Capt. A. E. Lee
7. Zither Solo.....Mr. A. J. Ide

Monday Evening, March 20th, 1882.

Essay—The Roman Forum.....Prof. S. C. Derby

Monday Evening, March 27th, 1882.

Essay—The Churches of RomeMiss K. A. Mathew

Monday Evening, April 3d, 1882.

Club met at Mrs. Hall's residence.

1. Tenor Solo—The Three Gifts.....Mr. E. W. Lewis
2. The Roman CatacombsRev. Dr. R. G. Hutchins

3. Piano Solo—Rondo Capriccio—*Mendelssohn* Mr. Harry Archer
4. Essay—The Colosseum Miss E. M. Smith
5. Soprano Solo..... Miss Nellie Bishop

Monday Evening, April 10th, 1882.

Club met at Mrs. Akin's residence.

1. Piano Solo { *a* Tarantelle—*Heller*,
 b Nocturne in E-flat—*Chopin*, } Mrs. Abram Brown
2. Sketch of Washington Irving Mrs. Abram Brown
3. Tenor Solo—Song Mr. S. H. Towler
4. Essay—Irving's Miscellaneous Works Mrs. P. A. Crafts
5. Solo, with Violin Obligato Miss Alice Brown
6. Irving's Historical Works Miss L. R. Thompson

Monday Evening, April 17th, 1882.

1. Quartet..... The Pugh Vidette Quartet
2. Art, and the Vatican Art Gallery Mr. E. O. Randall
3. Piano Solo—Impromptu, in C-sharp minor—*Chopin* Miss Eva Hummer
4. Reading—Celebration of the Carnival..... Miss E. H. Wilmot
5. Quartet..... The Pugh Vidette Quartet

Monday Evening, April 24th, 1882.

Last meeting of the season.

1. Violin Solo..... Mr. Heck
2. Recitation..... Prof. W. R. Lazenby
3. Quartet—"Oh Hush Thee, My Baby"
Misses Schultze & Castle and Messrs. Davis & Everett
4. Reading..... Miss Jennie Jones
5. Solo—"When the Leaves Begin to Fall"..... Miss Everts
6. Reading..... Prof. S. C. Derby
7. Solo—"Angels Ever Bright and Fair"..... Miss Minnie Schultze
8. Recitation from "Widow Bedot"..... Miss Minnie Rees
9. Solo, from Elijah..... Mr. S. H. Towler
10. Valedictory Essay Mrs. A. C. Brown
11. Tenor Solo. Mr. S. H. Towler

Closing remarks by the President, during which he presented Dr. and Mrs. Hutchins, on behalf of the Club, with a picture, painted by Mr. J. J. Barber. Mrs. Hutchins responded, expressing her thanks.

SECOND SEASON.

Owing to delays incident to the repairs of the church parlor, and the coming of a new pastor, the season of the Club did not commence till

Monday Evening, January 2d, 1883.

1. Piano Solo—Nocturne—*Chopin* Mrs. Abram Brown
2. Essay—William Cullen Bryant Prof. W. R. Lazenby
3. Piano Solo—"Thoughts of Love"—*Pattison* Mrs. Abram Brown
4. Reading—The Shield of Achilles, from Bryant's Translation of the *Odyssey* Miss K. E. McConnell
5. Piano Solo Mrs. Abram Brown
6. Reading Mrs. A. C. Brown

Monday Evening, January 15th, 1883.

1. Vocal Duet, from *Trovatore*
Miss Emma McCarter and Mr. E. W. Lewis
2. Sports of Japanese Children Prof. T. C. Mendenhall
3. Piano Duet—Ojos Creollos—*Gottschalk*
Prof. H. Ebeling and Mrs. Abram Brown

Monday Evening, January 29th, 1883.

1. Piano Duet—Grand Radieuse Waltzes—*Gottschalk*
Prof. H. Ebeling and Mrs. Abram Brown
2. Ruskin as a Literary Man Prof. Abram Brown
3. Piano and Violin Duet Prof. H. Ebeling and Miss Emma Ebeling

Monday Evening, February 5th, 1883.

1. Piano Duet—2d Hungarian Rhapsodie—*Listz*
Miss Emma McCarter and Mrs. Abram Brown
2. Ruskin as a Political Economist Rev. Dr. W. Gladden
3. Alto Solo—The Lost Chord—*Sullivan* Miss McCarter

Monday Evening, February 12th, 1883.

1. Essay—History of Venice Miss Harriett Brocklehurst
2. Essay—Ruskin's Stones of Venice Mr. F. T. Cole

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| 1. | Quartet..... | Misses Lathrop and Marple, Messrs. Lewis and Krumm |
| 2. | Ruskin's Modern Painters | Mrs. W. S. Goodnough |
| 3. | The Pitti and Uffizi Palaces..... | Mr. F. C. Eaton |
| 4. | Quartet..... | |
| 5. | Pre-Raphaelitism | Mr. E. O. Randall |

- Monday Evening, January 28th, 1884.**

Monday Evening, February 11th, 1884.

1. Trio for Piano, Organ and Violin—Evening Star Romanza—*Tannhauser-Wagner* Prof. Ebeling and Mrs. Brown
2. Piano Solo—Confused Dreams—*Schumann* Prof. Ebeling
3. Review of Goethe's Faust Mr. E. O. Randall
4. Duet—Piano and Violin—Tarantella—*Raff*
Prof. Ebeling and Miss Emma Ebeling
5. Piano Solo—Gallop Brillante—*Raff* Prof. Ebeling

Monday Evening, February 25th, 1884.

1. Baritone Solo—The King's Champion—*Watson* Mr. Fred Gladden
2. Civil Service Mr. T. P. Ballard
3. Piano Solo—Romanza Russe—*Kruger* Mr. Harry Archer
4. The Flora of Ohio Prof. W. R. Lazenby
5. Piano Duet { *a* Wedding March *Heinrich Hoffmann*,
 { *b* Serenade *Heinrich Hoffmann*,
Prof. Ebeling and Mrs. Brown

Monday Evening, March 10th, 1884.

1. Serenade—*Rosini* Miss Lathrop and Mr. Lewis
2. Russian Nihilism, and the Novgorood Fair Mr. F. C. Sessions
3. Solo—The Toreador Song from Carmen Mr. Fred Krumm
4. The Tatler Mrs. A. C. Brown
5. Quarter—Cantate Domini—*Holman* The Church Quartet

Monday Evening, April 14th, 1884.

1. Piano Duet—The Winter Feast—*Heinrich Hoffmann*
Mrs. T. H. Schneider and Mrs. Brown
2. Tenor Solo—The Forest Birdling—*Lachner* Mr. W. H. Lott
3. Essay—James Russell Lowell Prof. S. C. Derby
4. Reading—Vision of Sir Launfel Miss H. Brocklehurst
5. Reading—Selection from the Biglow Papers Miss Wolverton
6. Piano Solo—Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1—*Beethoven* Mrs. T. H. Schneider
7. Reading—Ambrose Miss Harriet Akin
8. Reading—At Sea Miss E. H. Wilmot

Monday Evening, April 28th, 1884.

1. Duet—Piano and Violin—Cavatina—*Raff*
Prof. Ebeling and Miss Emma Ebeling
2. Other People's Blunders Mr. W. I. Chamberlain

3. Duet—Barcario—*Kuchen*.....Misses F. P. Bates and Hattie Marple
4. The TatlerMrs. A. C. Brown
5. Piano Duet—Romanza in G—*Beethoven*...Prof. Ebeling and Mrs. Brown

Monday Evening, ———, 1884.

1. Song—"When The Silver Moon is Beaming"Miss Alice Brown
2. Reading—Trial Scene from *Pickwick*—*Dickens*...Prof. W. R. Lazenby
3. Song.....Miss Nellie Bishod
4. Reading—Silas Wegg and the Boffins—*Dickens*.....Dr. Gladden
5. Song.....Mr. Fred Gladden
6. Reading—Mrs. Bardell Faints—*Dickens*.....Mr. A. E. Angier

FOURTH SEASON.

Monday Evening, December 22d, 1884.

1. Duet—Hungarian Dances, 6 and 7—*Brahms*
Prof. Ebeling and H. F. Schmidt
2. Trio—Piano, Violin and Cello—D Minor, Op. 49—*Mendelssohn*..
Mrs. A. Brown, Prof. H. Ebeling and Mr. A. Gemunder
3. Essay—Schiller.....Prof. J. R. Smith
4. Piano Duet—Responds Moi—*Gottschalk*.....
Prof. Ebeling and Mr. Schmidt

Monday Evening, January 19th, 1885.

1. Piano Duet—Pollacca Brilliant.....Mrs. Brown and Prof. Ebeling
2. Louis AgassizProf. W. R. Lazenby
3. Reading—Lines on Agassiz's 50th Birthday—*Longfellow*...Dr. Gladden

Monday Evening, January 27th, 1885.

1. Piano Duet—Waltze Caprice—*Grieg*... Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Schneider
2. Solo—Aria con Variagani—Crown Diamonds.....Mrs. C. D. Norris
3. The Baconian Theory of Shakespeare.....Mr. E. A. Dawson
4. Piano Solo—Polonaise in E—*Liszt*... Mrs. T. H. Schneider

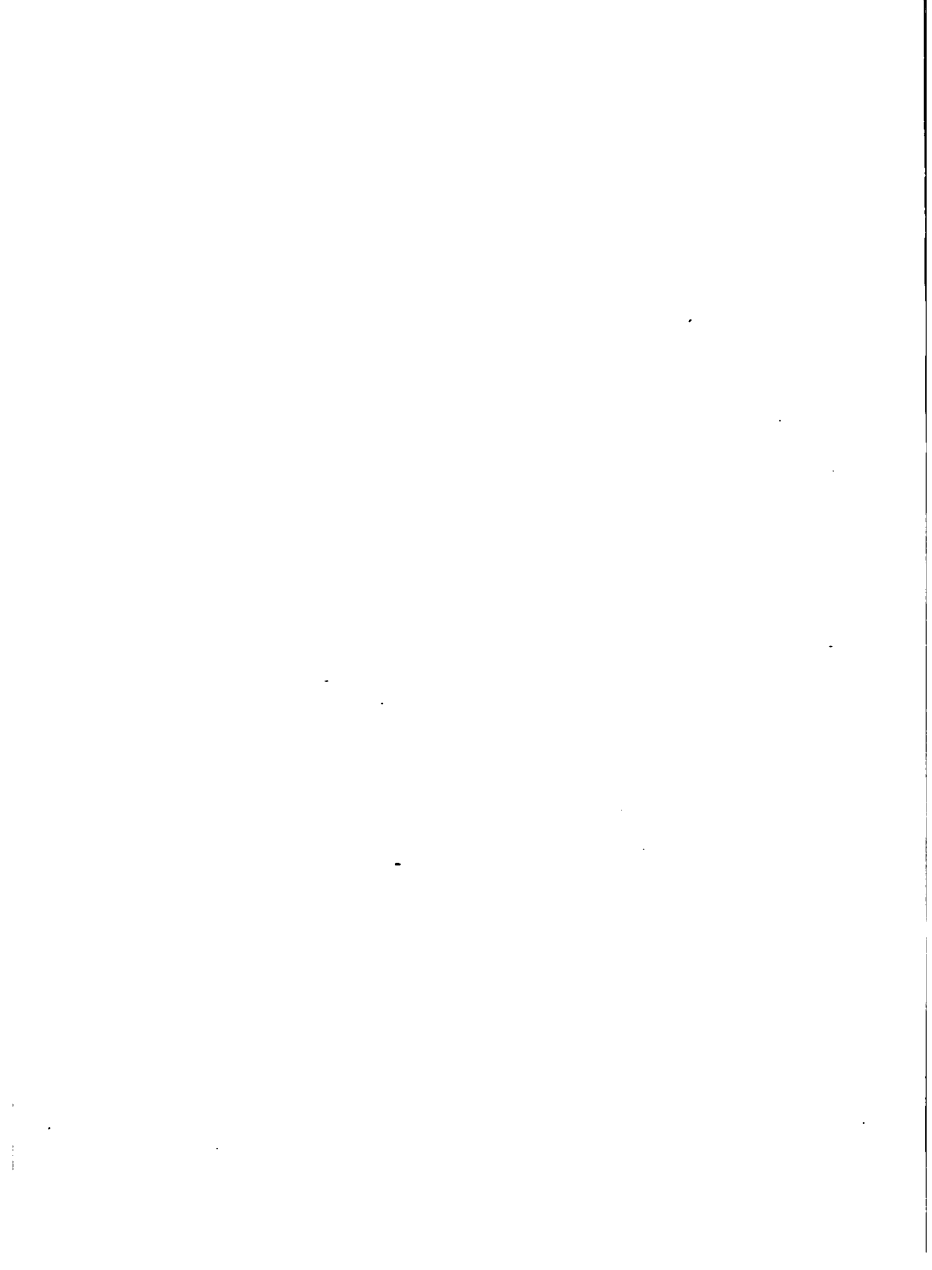
- Monday Evening, May 25th, 1885.**













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